
THE
LADIES'
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RIP VAN WINKLE.

WHOEVER has made a voyage up the Hudson, must remember the Kaastkill Mountains; they are a dismembered branch of the great Apalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lording it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather; indeed, every hour of the day, produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains, and they are regarded by all the good wives, far and near, as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but, sometimes, when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of grey vapours about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory. At the foot of these fairy mountains, the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape.

In that same village, and in one of the very houses, (which, to tell the precise truth, was sadly time-worn and weather-beaten,) there lived, many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple, good-natured fellow, of the name of Rip Van Winkle; he was a descendant of the Van Winkles', who figured so gallantly in the chivalrous days of Peter Stuyvesant, and accompanied him to the siege of Fort Christina. He inherited, however, but little of the martial character of his ancestors. I have observed that he was a sim-

ple, good-natured man; he was, moreover, a kind neighbour, and an obedient, hen-pecked husband. Indeed, to the latter circumstance might be owing that meekness of spirit which gained him such universal popularity; for those men are most apt to be obsequious and conciliatory abroad, who are under the discipline of shrews at home. Their tempers, doubtless, are rendered pliant and maleable in the fiery furnace of domestic tribulation; and a curtain-lecture is worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the virtues of patience and long-suffering: a termagant wife may, therefore, in some respects, be considered a tolerable blessing; and if so, Rip Van Winkle was thrice blessed. Certain it is, that he was a great favourite among all the good wives of the village, who, as usual with the amiable sex, took his part in all family squabbles; and never failed, whenever they talked those matters over in their evening gossipings, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle. The children of the village, too, would shout with joy, whenever he approached; he assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites, and to shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village, he was surrounded by a troop of them, hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back, and playing him a thousand tricks with impunity; and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighbourhood.

The great error in Rip's composition, was, an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labour. It could not be from the want of assiduity or perseverance; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day, without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowling-piece on his shoulder for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, and up hills and down dales, to shoot a few squirrels, or wild pigeons. He would never refuse to assist a neighbour, even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man, at all country frolics, for husking Indian corn, or building stone fences. The women of the village, too, used to employ him to run on their errands, and to do such little odd jobs as their less-obliging husbands would not do for them. In a word, Rip was ready to attend to any body's business but his own; but as to doing family duty, and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.

In fact, he declared it was of no use to work on his farm; it was the most pestilent little piece of ground in the whole country; every thing about it went wrong, and would go wrong, in spite of him; his fences were continually falling to pieces; his cow would either go astray, or go among the cabbages; weeds were sure to grow quicker in his fields than any where else; the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some out-door work to do; so that though his patrimonial estate had dwindled away under his management, acre by acre, until there was little more left than a patch of Indian corn and potatoes, yet it was the worst conditioned farm in the neighbourhood.

His children too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip, an urchin begotten in his own likeness, promised to inherit the habits with the old clothes of his father. He was generally seen trooping, like a colt, at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of his fathers cast-off Galligaskins, which he had much ado to hold up, in one hand, as a fine lady does her train, in bad weather.

Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble; and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have nestled life away in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears, about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family; morning, noon, and night, her tongue was incessantly going, and every thing he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence: Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind, and that, by frequent use, had grown into a habit: he shrugged up his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always produced a fresh volley from his wife, so that he was fain to draw off his forces, and take to the outside of the house; the only side which, in truth, belongs to a hen-pecked husband.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much hen-pecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye, as the cause of his master's going so often astray. True it is, in all points of spirit befitting an honourable dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured

the woods. But what courage can withstand the ever-during and all-besetting terrors of a woman's tongue? The moment Wolf entered the house, his crest fell, his tail drooped to the ground, or curled between his legs; he sneaked about with a rueful air, casting many a sidelong glance at Dame Van Winkle; and, at the least flourishing of a broomstick or ladle, he would fly to the door with yelping precipitation.

Time grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle, as years of matrimony rolled on; a tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edged-tool that grows keener by constant use. For a long time, he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village, which held its sessions on a bench before a small inn, designated by a rubicund portrait of his Majesty George the Third.

From even this strong hold, the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquillity of the assemblage, and call the members all to nought. Nor was that august personage, Nicholas Redder, himself, sacred from the daring tongue of this terrible virago, who charged him, outright, with encouraging her husband in habits of idleness.

Poor Rip was, at last, reduced almost to despair; and his only alternative, to escape from the labour of the farm, and clamour of his wife, was to take gun in hand and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the root of a tree, and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow-sufferer in persecution. "Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it; but never mind, my lad; whilst I live, thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee." Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face, and if dogs can feel pity, I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart.

In a long ramble of the kind, on a fine autumn day, Rip had unconsciously rambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaast-kill mountains. He was after his favourite sport of squirrel shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and re-echoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll, covered with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of a precipice. For some

time, Rip lay musing on the scene; evening was gradually advancing; the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valley.—He saw that it would be dark, long before he could reach the village; and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

As he was about to descend, he heard a voice from a distance, hallooing—"Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!"

He looked around, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when the same cry again rang through the still evening air—"Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" at the same time, Wolf bristled up his back, and, giving a low growl, sculked to his master's side.

Looking fearfully over the glen, Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him: he looked anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back.

On nearer approach, he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance: he bore on his shoulder a stout keg that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach, and assist him with the load; by degrees, Rip's awe and apprehension subsided; he even ventured, when no eye was fixed on him, to taste the beverage; which he found had much the flavour of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught; one taste provoked another, and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often, that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

On waking, he found himself on the green turf, from whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes. It was a bright sunny morning; the birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze: "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night!" He then recalled the occurrence before he slept, and the strange man with a keg of liquor: "O! that flagon! that wicked flagon!" thought Rip; "what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?" As he rose to walk, he

found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity: "These mountain-beds do not agree with me," thought Rip, "and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of the rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle." As he approached the village, he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him; for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round: their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed; they all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and whenever they cast eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins.

He had now entered the skirts of the village; a troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his grey beard.

The dogs, too, not one of which he recognised for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered; it was larger and more populous; there were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors, strange faces at the windows; every thing was strange. His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left the day before!—there stood the Kaastkill mountains; there run the silver Hudson at a distance! there was every hill and dale, precisely as it had always been! Rip was sorely perplexed: "That flagon, last night," thought he, "has addled my poor head sadly."

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting, every moment, to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle.—He found the house gone to decay, the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges; a half-starved dog, that looked like Wolf, was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, and the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut, indeed: "My very dog," sighed poor Rip, "has forgotten me."

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, and forlorn, and apparently abandoned—This desolateness overcame all his connubial fears; he called loudly for his wife and child-

ren: the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the village inn; but it too was gone! a large rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken, and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle."

Rip's heart died away at witnessing these sad changes in his home, and family; and finding himself thus alone in the world, he had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out, in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh!—Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three:—"Oh, to be sure," "that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself, as he went up the mountain; apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded: he doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what his name.

"God knows!" exclaimed he, at his wit's end; "*I am not myself: I am somebody else,—that's me, yonder—no—that's somebody else got into my shoes: I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and there changed my gun, and every thing changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!*"

At this critical moment, a fresh, comely woman passed through the throng, to get a peep at the grey-bearded man; she had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she; "hush, you little fool, the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awaked a train of recollections in his mind. "What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardener."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man! his name was Rip Van Winkle. Its twenty years since he went away from home with his gun; and never has been heard of since. His dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one question more to ask; but he put it with a faltering voice:

"Where is your mother?"

"Oh, she too had died but a short time since; she broke a blood vessel in a fit of passion at a New England pedlar."

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms: "I am your father," cried he, "young Rip Van Winkle, once old Rip Van Winkle: now does nobody know Poor Rip Van Winkle?"

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, "Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle. It is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbour: why, where have you been these twenty long years?" Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him, but as one night.

To make a long story short, Rip's daughter took him home to live with her: she had a snug well-furnished house; and a stout cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins, that used to clik about his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself—him who was seen leaning against the tree—he was employed to work on the farm; but evinced an hereditary disposition to attend to any thing else but his business.

Rip now resumed his old walks and habits; he soon found many of his former cronies, though rather the worse for the wear and tear of time; and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favour.

D. D.

DR. JOHNSON,

Of the power of memory in this great man, for which he was so eminently remarkable, the following instance was related by his mother. When he was a child, in petticoats, and had learnt to read, Mrs. Johnson one morning put the Prayer-book into his hands, pointed to the collect of the day, and said, "Sam, you must get this by heart." She went up stairs, leaving him studying it. But by the time she had reached the second floor, she heard him following her.—"What is the matter?" said she. "I can say it," he replied; and repeated it distinctly.

NOBODY'S JOURNAL.

(Concluded from page 152.)

NOBODY would not have exchanged his airy flightiness, at that time, for any "local habitation, and a name," within the sphere of the sublunary universe. For the sweetest fairy form in the green isle then leaned over him; and he turned to the gentle voice she breathed, still to list her soft and honeyed sentences. She whispered again "Patrick and his nephew sleep, and peace is in their bosoms. But now you shall see their distant landlord, how he has banquetted, meanwhile, and shuts his eyes to slumber."

While she spoke, she put a little mirror-glass into my hand; and, turning it towards the sister-kingdom, I beheld the Earl Inis-Failer seated on his down-soft sofa; the full table heaped before him, to satiety; and his parched lip vainly seeking a moment's coolness or moisture, from the frequent wine-cup. But that was not all.—The march of time passed before me over that glass; and I beheld, how he saw his son, and his son's bride, revel out their days in gaiety and dissipation, regardless of their father, or of the family honour, till debt and disgrace were styled the supporters of his coronet; and the young lord at last ended his career by the trigger of his pistol, after having staked the province of Mores Shannon at a gaming-table. His pretty lady, too, was equally active in the cause of the name's celebrity; for she ran off that same night, with a noted rake of fashion, after having stigmatized her deserted offspring, by declaring, that they had more right to his paternal care, than to that of the relations of their reputed father.

How did the old lord then mourn, having forsaken the land of his birth; the land of his acknowledged power, without the need of ostentatious display, to assert it; the land of his duties as a man, and a nobleman! How did he lament bartering his first principle, of abiding firm at his native post, until its maternal sod should close over him; a principle taught him by his mother, a legitimate, patriotic daughter of the ancient chiefs of the isle! And for what had he made the exchange of his conscience, and his respectability, and his happiness? To indulge the selfish caprices of a profligate son; and administer to the prodigal vanity of the modern fine lady, his wife,

who knew no country, no duties, but the centre of her own personal wishes, and their gratification, in despite of any opposition, human or divine!

Lord Inis-Failer could not bear these reflections; and he fled across the sea to his deserted home.—But how did he find it? He had left its domains a garden, populous with happy people, cheering his presence wherever he moved. He found it a desolate marsh, blackened in spots with little mounds of mouldered cabins, left without inhabitants. A few squalid, half-naked wretches, were indeed visible now and then; but they turned from the roll of his chariot-wheels, as he passed with his gorgeous newfangled liveries to the silent castle, that their eyes might not utter the curses of their hearts. He was the son of their beloved lady of the ancient principality, long gone down into her grave of honour; and for her dear sake, they would not injure a hair in the prematurely grey head of her degenerate representative. If he redeemed his name amongst those poor forlorn ones, and gathered in again their scattered brethren from other wastes; a better chronicle than mine will hereafter shew the brighter page.

Meanwhile, my lovely Banshea bade me turn to a more grateful spectacle.—And here, no glass was to be the medium of the scene—we floated towards it, in our fleecy car of clouds; and hovered over it, like the twin stars twinkling their smiling light through the softly parting ether, that seems their cradle, or their wandering ark in heaven. The spot over which we hung, as may be supposed, was still in the island of our charge; but how different from the last! This appeared a kind of Oasis in the desert; luxuriant, bright, and joyous. As we drew nearer, I observed a superb ducal mansion in the midst of it; the windows, all shining as crystal; the doors all open, and happy faces, in crowds passing in and out. And there was its lord himself; who counted on the best blood of the country, flowing in his veins, to warm his heart towards his brethren of the soil. And there was his beautiful lady, born of one of the noblest houses on the opposite shore; but when she gave her hand to a lord of this isle, her heart became its too! and on its green shamrock bed she chose to become the mother of her first-born! of all, who sprung from her, and their ducal father. And, stedfastly continuing there, like the barren hills they planted, thus nurtured, and reared on their native land,

how lovely did the young trees grow! how beautifully do they now shelter, and adorn thy banks, "swift flowing Leinstora!"

Here was no murmur heard, but from the gurgling waters coursing down the stream; here was no want to excite complaint, for every hill and level, even to the river's brink, was reflected there in rich herbage, or abundant harvest. In short, cultivation marked every spot. There was munificence to stimulate industry! there was a respectable population, to employ, and reward it. For there was a princely, and abiding establishment, in the ducal mansion; there was a neat, well-ordered town; decent villages; wholesomely fed, and active country-people; whether as husbandmen, fishermen, or other useful occupations, all were busy, regularly paid for the produce of their labour, and, in consequence, contented and happy. Here were neither orange-men, nor green-men; nor any hue of men, but fair hearted Erin-men, loyal to the chiefs and laws, which "reigned so gloriously over them?"

Here was no haranguing on politics, abilities, or disabilities, one way or other; for all being too well employed, and satisfied with what they had to listen, there were none to hear. Let those, who only know these people by self-screening reports, or common-place inferences, say what they will, the fact will yet remain to be some day happily worked on. The sons of Erin, are loyal, and royal, to the bone; there is not a drop of sheer democratic blood in the veins of one of them; Milisius was the father of the whole race; and his legacy to his sons, was a brave spirit! to be led, but not driven; to be ruled over, but not lashed over; to stand by king, and country, to the last gasp of their lives; or to stand by their own honour, if invaded, or despised, till their homes mouldered from around them; and each despoiled son of ancient Phoenicia, was left in his nakedness to forget his manhood in his misery, and howl to the pitiless winds, wafting afar the careless chieftains who had taken away his all; and laughed when the storm fell on him, and they saw he could be made to flinch.

Return! oh, return! and the brave race of Milisius can yet forget that they were contemped, and forsaken; and will serve their land in you! Believe it, ye who, across the ocean, wish prosperity to this sister isle, that the secret of her injuries, and her distress, is best understood by those who would redress them on her own soil; by the landholders, great and

small, repairing to their domains here, as to their proper homes; by the culture of their estates, under their own jurisdiction; by the encouragement of an internal mutual traffic, for the necessities and the comforts of life: in short, by making green Erin a household of reciprocally serving and served, rather than an alms'-shed, to move the rich wayfarer to cast his mite to!

But laws cannot do this among a free people, if the equitable law which ought to be in every man's heart, will not do it. So we call upon each absent family, who hold a rood of ground in this island, to remember the lesson of their youth, if they be also a Christian family, and "do as they would be done by!" Let them come, and spend their money, where they draw their rents.—Let them recollect, that if the natural rain ceases to fall on the drowthy spring-head, the river which flows thence must at last be dry! Let selfishness, then, in this way, make league with patriotism, and Erin will soon blossom and bloom like the fairest gardens on the opposite shore; a sister gem to that bright diamond "set in the silver sea!"

"But," whispered the little smiling Mavra, the pretty guardian sprite of the vast glens of Lough Neagh's pebbled boundaries;—"is it not more fashionable, and therefore more pleasurable, to be the lady of routs, in London? the princess of fetes? the queen of a race-course? the empress of Almacks? the wonder, and admiration, of staring envious multitudes!—Bethink thee, fairest Banshea, what *eclat* is there, in walking these rustic fields? what elegance, in folding a chubby infant to a fond mother's bosom? what graceful compliment in the rough blessings of every passing country-swain?—Commend me to that glorious hap-hazard of things, where fortune and whim do all! where any fool of the day, man or woman, to whom a lottery ticket, or some other chance prize, may give the hour's power to reign paramount in splendour; the gentleman to beard the king in his drawing-room; the lady, to trample on royalty's train!"

"Say you so, sweet Mavra! you would not be now drawing the picture of any of the folk in your Lough castle? they were, once, all Erin, to the core!" "And so they are now," replied the little red-hood, to her fairy mistress; "but I sometimes laugh thus, at the swarms of great-little claimants on our roots and shamrocks, who flock over, like bees on passage, load themselves with our honey, and strait fly back again!"

"Ah, few, very few," returned my loveliest companion, "are truly great in mind, and, therefore, in action!—Who can understand the real grandeur of bestowing benefits; the pure gratification of dispensing happiness! This is the godlike commission, given to the rich and great here below; this is the Christian mandate for a general promotion of good—'He that would be greatest among you, let him most serve his brethren!'"

While she yet spoke, a sudden darkness came over the sky, and the sea, and the land; and a shriek was heard, that resounded from shore to shore. The echoes of green Erin took it, and one universal lamentation stunned my ears, and my heart. "What has befallen the earth?" I would have asked, but the Banshea wrung her hands, and exclaimed "He has died in the breach! the healer of our wounds, the friend of the desolate, is no more; the grave closes over the brightest, the truest of Erin's sons!—Wail, wail, for we are alone!"

But the thick cloud opened above her head, and a form appeared, oh, how radiant! and with such a vision of descending happiness around it—that, while I could only close my eyes, dazzled with excess of light, she raised her arms—and the words of ecstasy trembled on her tongue—"We are not then alone!—thy spirit sheds its lambent flames, and the light of hope is ours, again!"

J. P.

THE ROSE OF HEALTH.

WELCOME, again sweet rose of health,
Welcome to Cora's cheek;
How much I joy to see thee there,
No tongue can fully speak.

Long may'st thou with the lilies blend,
Dear rose, sweet rose of health;
I would not have thee chased away,
No! not for India's wealth.

Then welcome there, sweet rose of health,
Welcome to Cora's cheek;
How much I joy to see thee there,
No tongue can fully speak.

ROSELLA.

PRIZE ESSAY.

"VIEW OF THE HISTORY, GEOGRAPHY; MORAL, POLITICAL, AND CIVIL STATE OF ANCIENT AND MODERN AFRICA."

(Continued from page 144.)

EGYPT.

BETWEEN Rosetta and Damietta, the coast is low and sandy; and is inhabited by robbers or shepherds, and fishermen, who live without law. All the country immediately round Damietta is filled with large rice-fields; the rice being considered the best in the Levant. The city itself is very dirty, and the inhabitants, whose number is variously reported at from thirty to eighty thousand, delight in the most filthy habits of living; hence their health, especially of the females, soon languishes, and multitudes of blind and purblind persons are met in every street. The reader will, perhaps, recollect that the wife of Louis IX. was here taken prisoner, A. D. 1253, after the Battle of Mansaurah*, in which the French monarch also was made captive: his discomfiture is attributed to the intrepid, but rash, attack of the Templars. The city itself is built on the right bank of the river; and its first appearance reminds the traveller of Venice. The houses looking all on the Nile, and towards the country, with their balconies, terraces, and pavillions, have not so dull and monotonous an effect as most of the houses in the East. Every house at Damietta has its own little port, to facilitate the approach of vessels of all kinds; for the city carries on a brisk trade in coffee, rice, beans, and linen, with Syria, and all parts of the Levant. Numerous boats and gondolas, called eanges, elegantly decorated, are seen sailing up and down the river continually; whilst groups of Turks are sitting before their houses, cross-legged, on rich carpets, smoking their long pipes, with the most unalterable composure. The dress of the women of rank is exceedingly rich and grand. The author of "Recollections of Egypt," thus describes an Egyptian lady's dress:—"Her petticoat was of rich

* See Russel's Modern Europe. Vol. L. p. 364; and Joinville History de St. Louis.

Indian tissue, striped with gold: her ample robe of green velvet, beautifully embroidered with gold; it was open in the front, and displayed her petticoat, and her muslin pantaloons, likewise wrought with gold, falling over a small foot which had no covering, but only a gold ring round the instep. She did not wear a chemise, and her neck was covered with a gauze so transparent as to show the whole of her contour. Her head-dress was of the most grotesque kind. Her turban was loaded with muslin bands of all colours, and an enormous quantity of flowers, diamonds, and tinsel ornaments, which gave her the appearance of an itinerant *magasin de modes*. A long veil of India muslin, strewn with spangles, was also fastened above all these, and concealed remarkably small tresses of hair and black silk, which hung down behind, as low as her waist, and to which were attached a quantity of small gold coins, which, at the least motion of the head, produced a jingle like the bells of our horses. She had heightened her charms by a thick coat of rouge on her cheeks, a black stripe on her eyebrows and eye-lids, and an orange tinge on her nails and the palms of her hands, and on the soles and nails of her feet."

Advancing into the interior, we successively pass the city of Mehallet, surnamed El Kebin, or "the Great;" considered by Lucas, Sicarde, and Pococke, as the most important, next to Cairo, in all Egypt. We next meet the monastery of Saint Geminian, a place of pilgrimage both for Christians and Mahometans. The surrounding plains are covered with tents; horse-races are held, and wine and good living animate the Pilgrims: the festival continues for eight days, which brings together a great number of dancing women, who contribute much to the pleasures of the occasion, which are kept up unremittingly, by day and by night.

Near the mountain of Mohattan and Dijizeh, the eye descries, in succession, on the eastern bank of the great river, the cities of Boolak, New Cairo, and Old Cairo.

Boolak is the port of Cairo, where the vessels lie that come from the lower part of the Nile. It stretches along the banks of the river, everywhere displaying the activity and bustle of a sea-port. The vessels which arrive from Upper Egypt are moored in the harbour of Old Cairo. The more opulent individuals retire here, during the inundations of the Nile, to small dwellings or country seats. Between Boolak and Old Cairo,

is New Cairo, called by the orientals GRAND CAIRO, by way of distinction; the name Kahara or Kahira signifying "the victorious*." This city is surrounded by a stone wall, surmounted by battlements, and fortified with lofty towers, at an interval of one hundred paces. Every street in Cairo has a gate at each end, which is shut at eight o'clock, and every person is required to carry a light after it is dark. Being about a mile and a half from the river, it extends nearly three miles eastward towards the mountains, and is about seven miles in circumference. This is supposed to have been near the spot where Moses was found by the Egyptian princess; and the lands of Goshen, allotted to Jacob and his sons, by Joseph, are considered to have been here situated.

The city has a very gloomy appearance. The houses being only lighted by windows looking into back courts, appear from the streets like so many prisons. "There is not, perhaps, upon earth," says Dr. Clarke, "a more dirty metropolis. Every place is covered with dust; the streets, destitute of any kind of pavement, appear like a series of narrow dirty lanes between walls." "I had resided near a month in Cairo," says Denon, "and still I had to seek for the superb town, the holy city, the delight of the imagination, greatest among the great, whose splendour and opulence made the prophet smile."

There are, however, two or three very handsome gates, built by the Mamelukes, which unite a simple style of architecture with an air of grandeur and magnificence. Many large but irregular squares, and many fine mosques, give the city a little relief. The whole place is considered to be about ten miles in circuit, and contains, according to M. Mengin, 240 principal streets, 46 public places, 11 bazaars, 140 schools for the instruction of children, 300 public cisterns, 1166 coffee-houses, 65 public baths, 400 mosques, and *one* miserable hospital for the infirm and insane." "There is in Cairo," says Mr. Jowet, "a slave-market, where man sells man. It is a large building, with a square court-yard in the centre. In one miserable dungeon were several young slaves; in the upper part of the khan were female slaves. Immediately on seeing us they set

* It is sometimes called Misr: and the inhabitants, in the figurative language of the East, style it, "Misr without an equal; Misr, the mother of the world."

up a loud laugh, which they are taught to do in order to seem happy, and induce people to buy them. There was a gallery above, with other rooms, and slave-girls leaning on the rail,—laughter, all laughter. Exposure in the market is the moment of their joy.—Their cots, their country, the breast that gave them suck, the hand that led their tottering steps, not forgotten, but resigned; given up as things gone for ever,—left in another world. The toils and terrors of the wide desert, the hard and scanty fare, the swollen foot, the whip, the scalding tear, the curse,—all, all are behind. Hope meets them here, and paints some master kind, some mistress gentle, some babe or child to win the heart of. As bond-women they may bear a son, and live and die the contented inmates of some quiet harem. But they are not happy—it is to please or to escape from the scowling, dark-browed Moor, that this semblance of joy is feigned. Could we hear and understand the simple history of every smiler there, we should go home and shudder.

“Then what is man? and what man, seeing this,
And having human feelings, does not blush,
And hang his head, to think himself a man?”

The castle or citadel of Cairo, forms a noble object; standing on a rock of considerable elevation, and being nearly three miles in circumference. It is the residence of the Pasha, or Viceroy; it has, however, now little to recommend it to notice, except its great size, and its containing some extraordinary remains of antiquity.

A little to the east of Cairo, are the burial-grounds of the city. Here the tombs of the sultans and the Mamelukes are of white marble: and these extensive cemeteries, crowned with domes, minarets, and gilt pavilions, are much more magnificent than the abodes of the living.

Here repose the beys, with their followers, for many generations. The forms of the tombs are various, and often magnificent; over the sepulchres rise domes, supported by slender marble columns, and some of them finely carved. “The cemeteries,” says Sir F. Henniker, “form a novel and not unpleasing appearance. The desert is studded with tombs, mosques, and mausolea, all built of white marble. These mansions of the dead would be preferable to the habitations of the living, were it not that the air is polluted.—Trees alone are wanting to render this funeral retreat a delightful spot.”

Like the inhabitants of all large cities, those of Cairo derive much of their amusements from rope-dancing, leaping, and wrestling matches; singing and dancing, which here, as in all eastern countries, are made subservient to voluptuous indulgence, and employed as the allies of licentiousness. The female improvisatories, who amuse the wealthier inhabitants, and relieve the solitude of the harem, initiate the Egyptian ladies in the mysteries of their art, and teach them to practise dances of an immodest character. By the recitation of poems, descriptive of Egyptian manners, but of a licentious character; by their dances or pantomimic evolutions, of which love is generally the groundwork; and by indecorous exhibitions of their persons, covered only with a piece of light transparent gauze; they minister to the passions and pleasures of the wealthier classes of society.

"Of Cairo," adds Forbin, "I cannot but take some notice of the depraved manners that disgrace the character of its inhabitants. Never have the vices been so expertly trained to the full career of profligacy, never has infamy so largely emanated from a libidinous effrontery, unparalleled in its activity. The grandees set the example, and their devices to flatter and inflame the passions, are imitated by the mass of the people, on every occasion, and in every shape."

From this discreditable choice and taste, the women are so far neglected, that it is often difficult to find purchasers for the most beautiful of slaves. The public baths are the special places of resort: ventilated with all the poisonous and glowing passions, their dreadful area contains all that is terrible to the moral feelings, so prejudicial and fatal to the cause of virtue.

It was during her residence at Cairo, that the Baroness Von Minutoli witnessed the return of the great Caravan from Mecca. It is a very curious sight, which is seen only once a year. This caravan, composed of pilgrims to Mecca, sets out from Barbary and stops at Cairo, where it encamps, then continues its journey, becoming larger as it advances, like the avalanches on the mountains of Switzerland.

The faithful, who have made a vow to go and pray at the tomb of the Prophet, collect from all quarters, and place themselves under the protection of the shiek of the Caravan, a privilege enjoyed exclusively by a tribe of Arabs, under the command of the chief. The valuable presents which this Caravan generally

carries to Mecca, render this measure necessary, and notwithstanding the armed force by which it is escorted, it frequently happens that it is attacked by the Bedouin tribes, who roam in the deserts of Lybia and Arabia, and live only by rapine and plunder. The law of Mahomet commands every true believer, to perform, at least once in his life, the pilgrimage to Mecca, so that the number of persons from the confines of Asia and Africa, who undertake this dangerous and fatiguing journey, is always considerable.

"In the Caravan which passed before me," says the Baroness, "I saw several women, who, by their style of travelling, appeared to me to be of high rank. A large camel sometimes carried two, in a kind of sedan-chair, fastened on each side of the animal. Other females, seated in palanquins, borne by two mules, were accompanied by their slaves, and surrounded with every thing that luxury and wealth could supply; lastly, those of the poorer class, with infants at their breasts, were merely sitting on camels or asses, and in this manner submitted to all the hardships of this long journey. Men, mounted on superb horses, with haughty looks, in splendid and singular dresses, and remarkable for the beauty of their arms; in short, a strange medley of pilgrims of all ages, sizes, and colours, attracted and engrossed my attention. I thanked my good fortune for having so well served me on this occasion, as, on my return, I was told that I run great danger in exposing myself to the sight of these fanatics."

Near the city of Dijizeh, which is about ten miles distant from Cairo, and pleasantly shaded by sycamores, date-trees, and olives, stand the three pyramids, which, by their unequalled size and celebrity, have eclipsed all other similar structures scattered over Egypt. They are visible at a vast distance, and their stupendous height, prodigious surface, and enormous solidity, create in the spectator emotions of admiration and awe. Their magnitude may be imagined from the fact that the area of the pyramid of Guza, stands upon a piece of ground as large as Lincoln's-inn-fields, in London; each side of the base measuring about 700 feet. The height of the first, which is ascribed to Cheops, is 447 feet; that is, 40 feet higher than St. Peter's at Rome, and 133 higher than St. Paul's in London. The length of the base is 720 feet; on the summit is an area about 30 feet square. The quantity of stone used in this py-

ramid, is estimated at six millions of tons, which is just three times that of the vast breakwater thrown across Plymouth Sound; and an hundred thousand men are said to have been employed for twenty years in raising this empty sepulchre.

The antiquity of these erections, and the purpose for which they were formed, have furnished matter of much ingenious conjecture and dispute, in the absence of certain information. It has been supposed that they were intended for scientific purposes, such as that of establishing the proper length of the cubit, of which they contain in breadth and height a certain number of multiples. They were, at all events, constructed on scientific principles, and gave evidence of a certain progress in astronomy; for their sides are accurately adapted to the four cardinal points.

The operations of Belzoni have thrown light on the manner in which the pyramids were constructed, as well as the purpose for which they were intended. Their obliquity, is so constructed, as to make the north side coincide with the obliquity of the sun's rays at the summer solstice.

Whether they were applied to sepulchral uses, and intended as sepulchral monuments, had been doubted; but the doubts have been dispelled by the recent discoveries made by means of laborious excavations. The drifting sand had, in the course of ages, collected round their basis to a considerable height, and had raised the general surface of the country above the level which it had when they were constructed.

The entrance to the chambers had also been, in the finishing, shut up with large stones, and built round so as to be uniform with the rest of the exterior. The largest, called the pyramid of Cheops, had been opened, and some chambers discovered to it, but not so low as the base, till Mr. Davison, British consul at Algiers, explored it in 1763, when accompanying Mr. Wortley Montague to Egypt. He discovered a room before unknown, and descended the three successive wells to a depth of 155 feet. Captain Caviglia, master of a merchant vessel, has lately pursued the principal oblique passage, 200 feet farther down than any former explorer, and found it communicated with the bottom of the well. This circumstance occasioning a circulation of air, he proceeded 28 feet farther, and found a spacious room 66 feet by 27, but of unequal height, under the centre of the pyramid; supposed, by Mr. Salt, to have been the place for

containing the sheca, or sarcophagus, though now none is found in it. The room is 30 feet above the level of the Nile. The upper chamber, $35\frac{1}{2}$ feet by $17\frac{1}{4}$, and $18\frac{1}{2}$ high, still contains a sarcophagus. Herodotus erred in supposing the water of the Nile could ever surround the tomb of Cheops. In six pyramids which have been opened, the principal passage preserves the same inclination of 26 feet to the horizon, being directed to the polar star.

On the east side of this pyramid, M. Belzoni discovered the foundation of a large temple, connected with a portico appearing above ground, which had induced him to explore that part. Between this and the pyramid, from which it was 50 feet distant, a way was cleared through rubbish forty feet in height, and a pavement was found at the bottom, which is supposed to extend quite round the pyramid; but there was no appearance of any entrance.

After incredible perseverance and labour, he found numerous passages, all cut out of the solid rock, and a chamber 46 feet 3 inches, by 16 feet 3, and 23 feet 6 inches high, containing a sarcophagus in a corner, surrounded by large blocks of granite. When opened, after great labour, this was found to contain bones, which mouldered down when touched, and, from specimens, afterwards examined, turned out to be bones of an ox. Human bones were also found in the same place.

An Arabic inscription, made with charcoal, was on the wall, signifying that "the place had been opened by Mahomed Ahmed, lapicide, attended by the master Othman, and the king Aly Mahommed," supposed to be the Ottoman emperor, Mahomet 1st., in the beginning of the fifteenth century. It was observed, that the rock, surrounding the pyramid on the north and west sides, was on a level with the upper part of the chamber. It is evidently cut away all round, and the stones taken from it were most probably applied to the erection of the pyramid.

The Egyptians connected astronomy with their religious ceremonies, and their funerals; for zodiacs are found even in their tombs.

The prospect from the pyramids is not extensive, but it is unique, and highly impressive from association. "He who has stood on the summit of this most ancient and, yet, most mighty monument of man's power and pride," says a modern author,

(see *Scenes and Impressions*, &c. p. 149,) "and has looked round to the far horizon where Lybia and Arabia lie silent, and has seen at his feet the land of Egypt dividing their dark solitudes with a narrow vale, beautiful and green, the more enamelled setting of one solitary, shining river—must receive impressions which he can never convey, for he can never define them to himself." Amid all the uncertainty which hangs over the design, and date, and builders of this vast pile, "one thing we *know*; that the chief, and the philosopher, and the poet, of the times of old, have certainly been here; that Alexander has spurred his war horse to its base; and Pythagoras, with naked foot, has probably stood upon its summit."

"When standing on the platform, which is the apex of the pyramid, I considered," says Forbin, "the whole globe as immediately subject to my visual ray. Here were no obstacles to check the view; not only the horizon of Suez, of Cosseyn, and Alexandria, appeared discernible from this selected spot, but with a mild and liberal relish of the scene, methought I could hover over the whole moral world. My agitated mind beheld rapid transitions from the lone retreats of Arabian shepherds, to the elegance, refinement, and voluptuous enjoyments of luxury;—here a desert, a dreary and fearful abode,—there, a civilized population! On these frontiers, fancy redoubled her efforts to bring to my remembrance what nature displayed in the conflicting passions, the sufferings, the useless complaints of men, swallowed up in the gulf of time, which was extinguishing for ever the fame of empires that were no more, and undermining every where those which exist. Indulging this brilliant and agreeable reverie, whilst listening to the murmurs of the Nile, I left it to time and to the river, to calculate between them the revolutions of the globe,—and, without heeding the riches, or the bad government, wretchedness and misery of the present moment, all the celebrated objects which so much interest us,—to survey generations as only minutes in the solution of the highly venerable problem of the age of the world. There were no emblems, no indication or sign, to yield the least light as to the history of the pyramids; no proof, no character of any meaning, could be traced on the interior walls; all the vestiges, beneath and around, were as silent as the monument to whom they were consecrated."

Passing on, we come to Sakhara, near which are the Pyramids of Sakhara, dispersed over a line of 11 miles. At a little

distance to the west of the Nile, we enter Middle Egypt. Here we find Lake Moeris, or, as it is now called, Cairoon. Although its limits are evidently much contracted from what they were described by Strabo, they are yet considerable; being nearly 40 miles in length, and about 6 in breadth. It is by many supposed to be an artificial excavation, executed by Moeris, an ancient king of Egypt. Belzoni considers that, as its waters are supplied by the Nile, it was probably designed to be subservient to agriculture, by producing a second irrigation over the adjacent country.

Before entering into Upper Egypt, near the town of Sahordi, is the beginning of the caverns of the Thebaid. These were the refuges to which the early Christians fled in times of persecution, or to which they retired for the purposes of devotion. They occupy an extent of nearly 50 miles. From the researches of Dr. Pococke, it is evident that these caverns were originally repositories for the dead. Having descended through a shaft, cut through the solid rock, he proceeded through a long narrow passage, 50 feet long, and 5 wide, to several apartments, appropriated for the reception of mummies; some of which he found still left, standing in niches, and in an upright position. Dr. Pococke saw, also, several large earthen vases, containing a black kind of earth, the remains, as he imagined, of the bowels of persons whose bodies had been embalmed.

(To be continued.)

[The writer of the following was informed by the Bechuana chiefs, a large tribe of Caffrees, residing near the Cape of Good Hope, that the lion occasionally surprises the giraffe, or cameleopard, in the manner here described; and that, owing to the amazing strength of that magnificent animal, he is sometimes carried away fifteen or twenty miles, before it sinks under him. This fact has been before-mentioned by travellers, and has been ridiculed, as absurd, by European critics. The author, however, would observe, that his intelligence is from undoubted authority.]

THE LION AND THE CAMELEOPARD.

WOULDST thou view the lion's den?
Search afar from haunts of men,
Where the reed-encircled fountain,
Oozes from the rocky mountain;
By its verdure far descried,
'Mid the desert brown and wide.

Close beside the sedgy brim,
Couchant, lurks the Lion grim,
Waiting till the close of day
Brings again the destined prey.

Heedless at the ambush'd brink,
The tall giraffe stoops down to drink;
Upon him straight the savage springs
With cruel joy:—the desert rings
With clanging sound of desp'rate strife—
The prey is strong and strives for life;
Plunging oft, with frantic bound,
To shake the tyrant to the ground;
Then bursts, like whirlwind, through the waste,
In hope to 'scape by headlong haste:
In vain—the spoiler on his prize
Rides proudly—tearing, as he flies
For life.—The victim's utmost speed
Is mustered in this hour of need—
For life—for life—his giant might
He strains, and pours his soul in flight:
And, mad with terror, thirst, and pain,
Spurns with wild hoof the thundering plain.

'Tis vain—the thirsty sands are drinking
His streaming blood—his strength is sinking.
The victor's fangs are in his veins—
His flanks are streaked with sanguine stains—
His panting breast in foam and gore
Is bathed:—he reels—his race is o'er!
He falls—and, with convulsive throe,
Resigns his throat to the raging foe;
Who revels amidst his dying moans:
While gathering round, to pick his bones,
The vultures watch in gaunt array,
Till the proud monarch quits his prey.

J. P.

Thompson's Travels in S. Africa.

A DAUGHTER'S SACRIFICE.

"She left her lover's for her father's arms."

Goldsmith.

It has been said, and, probably, with great truth, that the tender tie which unites parent and child, is felt with more intensity by that party to whom nature has committed the greater charge; and that "although children may, from the force of education and habit, be led to experience lasting affection for their parents, in general, the time arrives when new cares and solitudes, connected with new affections, wean their hearts from the paternal roof." If such be the fact, and the general necessities of our nature, not less than the observations of the experienced, seem to prove it; so much the more amiable must that child appear, who is capable of adding gratitude to affection, and of foregoing even natural and praiseworthy attachments, at the call of duty and tenderness.

Amy Fielding was the eldest daughter of a farmer in Yorkshire; and, like many other elder branches, appeared born to be the slave of the family; for as she grew up, healthy and active, every one of the younger children looked to her for assistance. She nursed and fed the younger; instructed, and sewed for the elder; and was yet required, by her mother, to skim the cream, make the butter, and feed the poultry; whilst her father did not hesitate to claim her assistance, also, in services out of doors. Amy could manage to milk the most *skittle* cow, "because she was so gentle;" she could feed the weaned calves or the pet lambs better than any one, "for she pitied the poor dumb creatures;"—the bees were always under Amy's management; and no one minded the beds in the garden, but her. It will be evident, that her employments were too multifarious to be always agreeable; and that, with all the inclination in the world, to come at every one's bidding, or to afford to every one the assistance claimed, a tall, slight girl of fifteen, had not always the strength necessary for such numerous requisitions.

A sister of her mother's, when visiting them in the summer months, at a time when the hay harvest increased, alarmingly,

the avocations of her niece, prophesied to both parents, no less an evil than the positive death of their darling and helpful child, if she were not removed from a scene which demanded from her feelings or her necessities such continual exertions. She said too, (which they could not fail to allow), "that Amy was so clever, it was a thousand pities but she should improve her mind a little, by seeing the world; and in her opinion Amy was so pretty, the world ought to see her." These observations led to Amy's returning with her aunt to London.

The situation of this good woman was not one of more worldly prosperity than that of her sister; but, although in the midst of the City of London, she deemed it one of comparative peace and quietness, and the industry still demanded of Amy, was, in her opinion, compatible with the bodily rest required for her health. She was a widow, and added to a small income by keeping a lodging-house, which was situated in a little square, near Bishopsgate, and principally tenanted by clerks in the lower departments of the India-House, whose regular habits and systematic deportment rendered them agreeable, if not beneficial lodgers. To see that the maids did their duty in keeping the rooms tidy, inspect the lighter part of culinary preparations, and sew for her aunt, were still among Amy's duties; but they were rendered so easy by the judicious management and kindness of her relation, that Amy soon found she had time for every thing,—time, not only to see the wonders around her, but time even to read, that most enviable of all acquisitions; and which, hitherto, had been inevitably denied her.

It is said, that in winter time, when the labours of the field no longer claim their attention, the Scottish farmers frequently find much pleasure in reading; but we apprehend it is only the male part of the family who are thus happily circumstanced; for the constantly revolving cares of the female, forbid all such indulgence. The labours of the dairy, and the task of providing food for a large household, admit no compromise with *her* toils; and the proverb, that "woman's work is never done," unquestionably took its rise from an establishment of this patriarchal description. Amy had, therefore, never, till now, enjoyed any leisure or means for the information of her mind, which was full of acuteness, comprehension, and that lively curiosity natural to her years and her intellect. She therefore seized with avidity on every object around, which was either new or

interesting; and although the great "lanes of houses," the absence of green fields, and the general want of light, were, at first, a trouble to her; in a short time, the sickly trees round the little square, a walk to Hackney on Sunday evenings, or the power of gazing on the landscapes in a print shop, served her in their stead; and she became cheerful, healthy, and happy: every day her toil was easy, every evening her knowledge was advanced, and her taste gratified.

As Amy dearly loved her family, all her little attainments were combined with the idea of imparting to them the improvement she was conscious of receiving; but it so happened, that, in the course of the two following years, the three youngest children died, and she understood that her two eldest brothers were leaving home. Amy did her best to console her mother under these afflictions, and even earnestly intreated that she might return for the purpose of contributing to her comfort; but this was denied, for the parents were only the more anxious that she should continue in a place which suited her; besides, they had lately had losses in their property, as well as their family, and the kindness of her aunt was become an object to them.

When Amy was in her eighteenth year, she attracted the attention, and soon secured the affection of a sensible and amiable young man; who, like herself, had come from the country to enjoy the protection of an uncle, who was her aunt's oldest lodger. He was placed as a clerk, in a great mercantile house; and well knew that years must pass before he could venture to take a wife, much more an unportioned one; nevertheless, in the ability and activity of Amy, he considered himself as forming no imprudent choice, nor did his uncle by any means blame him. The connection was indeed sanctioned by all parties, and no person could possess a fairer prospect for future life, than our village maiden, when she was suddenly called home by the dangerous illness of her mother.

Hard labour, and many sorrows, had overpowered this excellent mother; who, in her solicitude for the welfare of her darling child, had delayed sending for her, till the time for receiving benefit from her care was past; and though Amy was a skilful nurse, she had no power to stay the progress of disease. Her mother died within a fortnight after her return, to the bitter grief of her affectionate child, who was ready to regret that

she had ever left her, although it was an affair in which her wishes had never been consulted.

When the first shock of this melancholy occurrence had subsided, Amy became sensible of a thousand disagreeables, in her present situation, such as she had never experienced before. It was evident that her father was poorer than he used to be; that his affliction and losses had soured his temper; and, what was worse, her two young brothers were so rude and vulgar, they offended or disgusted her, every moment. The confusion of the house, the boorishness of the men, the awkwardness of the women, the very nature of the employments demanded from her, were all hateful and distressing to her; and she could scarcely help thinking that every thing was dreadfully altered since she went to London. There were no peaceful evenings now, in which she could lament over the mother she deplored so tenderly; no lover, whose smile could reward her toil; no kind friend, to give the instruction she needed, or the consolation she required. She toiled, apparently, to no end, and she endured to no purpose; yet still she persisted in doing all within her power, and in bending her mind to the circumstances around her; particularly seeking to soften the manners, and improve the minds of the boys, and to supply to her father the steady and active partner he had lost.

Amy had just begun to see some fruits of her labour; her home was becoming a little more comfortable, her brothers a little more humanized, and her father a little more considerate, when that sweetest of all panaceas, the presence of her lover, cheered the gloom which surrounded her. He came to inform her that a legacy of three hundred pounds had been left to him; and he was authorized, by both their relatives, to offer her his hand, since he could now take a house and furnish it, and would likewise receive an increase of salary, which would enable him to maintain her.

The remembrance of her aunt's neat parlour, of quiet evenings, the consciousness of duties all performed, and pleasures anticipated,—the sense of being capable of contributing essentially to the happiness of those she loved so dearly, and with whose habits she was so thoroughly acquainted, all rushed to her mind; and as many months had now passed since her mother's death, no wonder that she listened eagerly to the

"voice of the charmer," and permitted him to prefer his suit to her father.

"If Amy leaves me I shall be lost," was his only reply.

The daughter fixed her eyes on her father,—he was many years older than his late wife,—his hair was white, and his cheek furrowed. She remembered how much he had been suffering, during those years in which she had been leading a life of comparative ease,—how much more he would suffer if his sons grew up in ignorance of their duty to him; and how impossible it would be for him to supply the place of an attached and careful housekeeper, by any hired menial. For who would come to a place of so much toil and care, with feelings calculated to soften his sorrows, bear with his temper, and promote his interest?

There was something, too, in his simple exclamation, not only touching, but generous, and consistent with his former kindness, in Amy's opinion, which called upon her in the strongest and most moving terms, to sacrifice to him not only the cherished affection of her young heart, but all which her taste, habits, and wishes induced her to consider the comforts of life. The prospect of such renunciation affected her almost to agony, and she found herself utterly unable to speak of it in the presence of her lover. Mature consideration, in seclusion; and earnest prayer to that heavenly father who could alone sustain her, at length enabled her to address a letter to him, in which she showed him the value of her services to her father and brothers; the debt of gratitude she felt due to the mother she had lost, not less than the father who depended on her, and the assurance that no half measures were suited for persons so situated; since she knew that no circumstance would render London endurable to her father; and was aware that her lover was, alike, from inclination and necessity, tied to an abode in the metropolis;—of course they must part, not only for the present, but for life.

The young man returned half broken-hearted; and both his uncle and Amy's aunt, sought to bring about some accommodation of circumstances; but it soon appeared, to all parties, too plain, that Amy had anticipated all circumstances, and that no rational prospect of their union existed, to justify the continuance of a correspondence which could only foster an affection it were wisest to eradicate.

The patient endurance with which Amy submitted to this self-imposed sorrow, had a happy effect on her father's mind; and induced even her brothers to treat her with an affection and respect, which, by degrees, operated most favorably on their own characters, by awakening their sensibility and directing their energies. As soon as possible, Amy, considering herself as now torn from the situation of life she loved, earnestly tried to love that to which she was devoted; and recalling all her former occupations, she sought to become, in every respect, a farmer's daughter; though she could not forbear to cherish that love for books, which somewhat involved her remembrance of him with whom she had so frequently shared the pleasures they afforded. For some time a gloom pervaded her mind, so deep, that it even injured her health, but she constantly struggled against it; and, in the perpetual employment to which she had bound herself, found relief from many a burdensome hour, whilst the increasing prosperity of her father and his family, consoled her for the sacrifices she had made.

In the course of the following seven years, Amy had learnt from her aunt, that her lover, unable to settle under the disappointment he had experienced, had been sent out by his uncle to the East Indies, where he was prosperously employed, and, at length, said to be well married. The last information drew tears from the eyes of Amy, yet she had much satisfaction in believing, that she had not robbed him of that situation in life she held him well qualified to adorn, and to enjoy. For herself, her lot was decided; she had refused many offers, and some which even her father had pressed her to accept; and she resolved to continue single.

The old man had been the more anxious that his excellent daughter should marry, because he now found his health rapidly declining; his sons, under the care of his sister, were provided for in distant homes; and he was become sensible, that the lonely house, to which habit had attached himself, was not a comfortable home for a woman capable of enjoying the pleasures of society, and still in the prime of life. His wishes, in this respect, were the only ones Amy could not gratify; she was his careful and liberal housekeeper, his tender nurse, his consoling companion:—she led him to the house of God, explained to his unpractised, but well-intentioned mind, the promises of the gospel;—by her cheerfulness sustained his lonely

hours, by her attention lulled his pains, and became too much absorbed in contributing to his welfare, to allow herself to think of her own.

When, however, the last awful services were performed, Amy hesitated not an hour in giving up the house she had embellished, and the farm she had improved, to her eldest brother. The last ten years of her life, with all its anxieties and prosperity, had not succeeded in eradicating the memory of those few short years in which her mind had been wedded to objects more congenial to its wishes, and her heart united to one who still held its warmest esteem. She sought, in the home of her aunt, that tranquillity which would soothe her under present grief; and also the power of extending to her advanced years, that kind attention she had so long bestowed upon her own father. She was received with joy and thankfulness by the good woman, who was proud of her virtues, and surprised to see how well she looked under the long season of affliction, and toil she had gone through; not being aware of the strength of her mind, though she well knew the power a religious and regular life bestows.

She found the good uncle of her lover not less happy to see her; and as the blessings of competence were now added to the comforts of both, Amy had now not only books, but leisure to enjoy them; and the power of contributing, essentially, to the happiness of two aged people, with very little sacrifice of time or taste. After her long toils, she enjoyed that calm which those only can enjoy who have known the fatigues and turmoils of a situation like hers, in days past.

Amy sometimes sighed, in spite of her happiness; for certain tender recollections, connected with the pretty parlour, and the shining book-case, would arise,—nevertheless, she had entered her thirtieth year, and devoutly thanked God for the many blessings she enjoyed, without any desire to change her situation; when she was informed “that a great stranger had invited himself to her birth-day dinner.”

The old lady's evident flutter in mentioning this incident, revealed to Amy the treasured secret.—Yes! the lover she parted with at eighteen, was returned from his long absence, with a heart which had never been estranged, a hand which had never been offered to another, but which was now tendered to her acceptance, with feelings little less warm, and esteem

far more fervent than ever. 'Tis true, her lover's complexion was changed, and his health was not like hers; but, in her eyes, he became only the more interesting, from circumstances which might have arisen from her decision. Amy did not hesitate to ensure her own happiness, by rendering him happy whom it had been her misfortune once to render miserable; but whose past troubles she could not regret, when she reflected on the comfort she had bestowed, in making "a Daughter's Sacrifice."

H.

ORIGIN OF THE TERM "BLUE-STOCKING."

About the year 1750, it was much the fashion for several ladies to have evening assemblies, where the fair sex might participate in conversation with literary and ingenious men, animated by a desire to please. These societies were denominated "Blue-stocking Clubs," the origin of which title being little known, it may be worth while to relate it. One of the most eminent members of those societies, when they first commenced, was Mr. Stillingfleet, whose dress was remarkably grave, and in particular it was observed, that he wore blue stockings. Such was the excellence of his conversation, that his absence was felt as so great a loss, that it used to be said, "We can do nothing without the blue stockings:" and thus, by degrees, the title was established. Miss Hannah More has admirably described a Blue-stocking Club in her "Bas Bleu," a poem, in which many of the persons who were most conspicuous there, are mentioned.

Dr. Johnson was prevailed upon sometimes to come into these circles, and did not think himself too grave even for the lively Miss Moncton, afterwards Countess of Cork, who used to hold these assemblies at the house of her mother, Lady Galway. A singular instance happened one evening, when she insisted that some of Sterne's writings were very pathetic. Johnson bluntly denied it. "I am sure," said she, "they have affected me."—"Why," said Johnson, (smiling and rolling himself about) "that is, because, dearest, you're a dunce." When she sometime afterwards mentioned this to him, he said, with equal truth and politeness, "Madam, if I had thought so, I certainly should not have said it."

Life of Dr. Johnson.

THE LAST OF THE PLANTAGENETS;

OR,

THE PROPHECY.

An Historical Tale.

“EVILS alight on thee, thou proud residence of a prouder inmate; may my curses fall heavy upon thy head, thou last of a noble race of ancestors! Ah! that I might live to see those stately towers levelled with the dust; that would, indeed, be a gratification; and now, hear my last word,” continued the speaker, raising her voice; “remnant of royalty, thy headless trunk shall repose in the tombs of thy fathers, ere Henry, the second Tudor, slumbers in the bonds of death. I have been insulted, nay, scorned by thee, proud Countess, and my only revenge shall be, the fulfilment of my prophecy. Now I must away, though again I repeat, may deep curses fall on thee!”

The voice of the person, who had thus uttered such fearful imprecations ceased: but she had only paused, it was said, by those who saw her, to address supplications to the evil spirits, who were supposed, by the peasants in the neighbourhood of Condray, the residence of the Countess of Salisbury, to obey the prognostications of the supposed enchantress.

The appearance of Lora Frazer, the prophetess, was indeed sufficient to inspire her beholders with fear and astonishment; she knelt, or rather crouched, whilst her clenched hands were raised in the act of threatening, or commanding those beings, who, at night-fall, were said to congregate around, and fulfil the wishes of her, whose authority they owned and respected. Presently, the witch arose from the earth, and gazed steadfastly around; her dark matted locks fell wildly over her countenance, which was distorted and convulsed with rage; a tattered mantle usually enveloped her form; it had now fallen from her shoulders, and displayed her commanding figure, rendered doubly majestic by the attitude in which she stood: her hands were clasped upon her brow, while she sung, or chaunted, the following words:

" Now hie thee! hie thee! spirits arise,
The sun has sunk in the western skies,
The moon is shining bright;
Let us hasten quickly to the vale,
Where the river glides so clear and pale,
And dance in the silver light.

Away, away! for your queen prepare,
Near the aged yews, her ebony chair;
And fill the cauldron high
With the skins of toads, and blood of dogs,
And the shiny worm, and heads of frogs,
And scaly serpent's eye.

Away, away! let our sports commence,
Or the moon will sink, and summon hence
Your queen, to distant climes;
Merrily, merrily, dance and sing,
We will make the aged forest ring,
Ere toll the matin chimes.

Away, away! let our feast be made,
On the pure heart of the slaughtered maid,
With infant limbs so fair.
Now I come, I come, my merry train,
Our feast must end when the moon shall wane,
And earth I quit for air.
I shall speed me on the morning breeze,
And on the tempest ride at my ease,
Nor feel one fear or care.

Again I repeat, hie thee away!
Beetle and bat love the close of day,
And Lorla Frazer too;
The scaffold is rising thick and high,
I see it now in the deep'ning sky:—
Lady, it comes for you.

And when thou viewest thy living tomb;
And start at the dungeon's awful gloom,
Lady again we'll meet.
Plantagenet's sun will set in blood;
I shall rejoice at the crimson flood:
Revenge, revenge is sweet.

As Lorla uttered the last words, dismal laughter appeared to issue from various avenues of the forest; and above the hoarse rustling of the moss-covered branches, the voice of the prophetess was heard, repeating her denunciations, as she fled rapidly through the tangled underwood. It is now necessary to inform our readers of the cause of the Sybil's anger.

The Countess of Salisbury had, that evening, received the intelligence of the apprehension of her eldest son, who, with many others, had been long engaged in fanning the embers of discontent amongst the peasantry in the north; in this they were aided by the counsels of the Cardinal de la Pole, whose aim was to reinstate the descendants of the house of Plantagenet in the government of England, by means of a marriage with the Lady Mary; these counsels, however, were defeated by his brother Sir Geoffry; in whose breast the fear of torture and death, counterbalanced the desire of future aggrandizement, and who, as the safest course to pursue, boldly informed the king of the conspiracy of his brothers, and threw himself on the mercy of his sovereign. He gained a free pardon, but Henry de la Pole, Lord Montacute, and others of high birth, were condemned, and ordered for immediate execution. Deep then was the sorrow of the Countess, and the inhabitants of Condray, who were all warmly attached to the daughter of the Duke of Clarence, their mistress.

"Oh! Alice, Alice," said the weeping lady, as she reclined in the arms of a young kinswoman, who resided with her, "the disgrace of my children falls heavy on me; yet I would rather have seen the head of Geoffry felled by the executioner, than behold him live and branded as a coward, and traitor to his family. Shame, shame on him, base, degenerate boy, thus to sully his mother's house! But what riotous noise breaks on my listening ear? Cannot my vassals respect their mistress's sorrow, or is my name held in open derision? See Alice, what causes such an uproar in the hall."

The young maiden instantly left the apartment and presently returning, replied, "The mad woman, Lorla Frazer, by name, desires to see you, madam, but they do not care to admit her, knowing your ladyship's melancholy."

"They are right," returned the Countess, "bid her begone, and trouble me not; if she will not leave the castle, let her be whipped, or dipped in the lake, so as I do not hear her raving."

Heavy footsteps were now heard approaching the room, and instantly the door was opened in haste, and Lorla Frazer entered.

"Not so, my Lady," she exclaimed, for she had overheard the words of the Countess, "they cannot harm me; know ye not that I have power over the elements; and that, at my call, the spirits of the air, would bear their sovereign from such degradation, whilst her tormentors would experience a lingering death. Countess, for the future, learn to revere the queen of the viewless world."

"Viewless indeed," replied Lady Salisbury, "poor maniac, I pity thee; but I am in no mood to hear her wild exclamations," she continued, addressing her attendants, who had crowded round the entrance of the room, "so pry'thee remove her from my presence. Good Lorla, they will give thee meat and drink below; and if thou wilt visit the castle at a future period, I shall be honoured by thy company."

"The future comes not for thee or me to meet here," said Lorla, "I can foretel events that will not happen in thy days, for they are numbered. Are not thy sons defeated, and is not thy first-born, even now, awaiting his doom? See, see, the block, the axe, and the executioner," and she appeared following with her eyes some flitting object around the apartment, "now it is firmly fixed, and the tolling bell will strike but a few times more and the victim appears—he comes—he comes—the victim appears;—dost thou not enjoy this merry scene, Countess?—truly the traitor is in the prime of manhood—he bends beneath the headsman's stroke—justice is now satisfied."

She would have continued her loathsome description, but the Countess starting from her seat, exclaimed hastily,

"Will none of ye, cowards, seize her, and stop her maddening tongue; bear her, I say, to the witches tower, where many of her compeers have before found a resting place."

"Woman! they dare not do it," replied Lorla, "have I not before said they have no power to injure me; but I will leave thee, though we shall meet again; for the present, farewell, thou haughty lady; a day will come when thy pride may be humbled:" with a rapid step the hag left the castle, and pausing a few paces beneath the window where the Countess sat, she uttered those imprecations which have been before described.

"This is dreadful," said Lady Salisbury, as Lorla fled to the forest; "there was a day when I quailed not beneath the anger of mortal; but now I tremble at this prophecy more than a poor bird in the net of the fowler. Do they not say, Alice, that this woman is experienced in the art of witchcraft, and that her predictions are surely fulfilled?"

"Good, my Lady," replied Alice; "I have heard much of her power, though I have little heeded the wild stories, which superstition gives ready ear to: believe me, there are many, many happy years in store for you," she continued, turning to her relative.

But the words of the maniac appeared to have sank deep in the heart of the aged Countess: she sat motionless beside the frame of rich tapestry, which bore evident marks of her labour and ingenuity, while she muttered, "'Plantagenet's sun will set in blood!' aye, that is very probable; the king will revel in my fall. Henry, Reginald! help, help! Alas! they are all gone.—One in the dungeon, awaiting his doom; the other an exile;—and where am I?—Truly, in mine own castle, but in momentary expectation of a summons to the block."

The young Alice had listened attentively to the words of the Countess, whose senses appeared wandering. When the Countess paused, she arose from her seat, and throwing her arms around her neck, said tenderly, "Nay, thou must not talk in such a strain, dearest aunt, or I shall chide thee; now kiss me, and promise to smile once again."

Affectionately the lady pressed her lips to the blooming cheek of her charge, saying, "May God bless thee, my sweet child, for all your kindness to me; but I tell you, Alice," she added, "that the king will not rest until he has my head; the man who could condemn his wife—the once dearly loved—to the headsman's stroke, would think little of taking my life in the justification of his revenge. Night wears apace, let us to the chapel, where we may perhaps regain our wonted composure."

A few days after, when the substantial morning repast had been dispatched, the Countess and her niece repaired to the long and broad terrace, or rampart, in front of the mansion. It was now the beginning of autumn, and the sun had scarcely dispersed the grey mists of dawn, and long vapoury forms came up the valley, hiding the lofty woods that encircled the far-spreading domain; the sky-lark arose from her resting-place,

and carolled merrily in the air; and the hum of the few remaining insects was borne on the breeze to those who gazed on the gloriously-tinted scene, and appeared to sing of the slow, but sure decay of nature.

"Alice," said Lady Salisbury, pausing at the end of the rampart, "dost thou not see figures moving on the verge of the valley? there!—hard by the western lake, where the pathway bends so suddenly, and enters the forest? look, dear Alice, your sight is keener than mine."

"Instantly the maiden gazed on the spot, as she placed her small white hand on her brow, to screen her eyes from the rays of the sun which had now risen, and shone with fervour.

"Indeed, my Lady," she replied, after a few moments pause, "the distance seems to mock me; shall I hasten to the watch-tower? perchance, from its elevated situation, I may view the spot more distinctly."

"Stay where thou art, girl," said the Countess: "though old age has long numbered me amongst his subjects, I can distinguish the garb of the warrior from the dress of the peasant; our visitors are of the former class, but I must see they have a fitting reception. Let the banner of our house be raised," she continued, addressing the warder, "the guard doubled on the ramparts, and give me early intelligence of the arrival of the soldiers. A Plantagenet must receive the emissaries of a Tudor with dignity;" and she smiled bitterly as she spoke. "But haste thee," she continued, "and lead the palfrey of the lady Alice to the eastern wicket, and see that two trusty vassals be ready to attend her; let them have arms and proper accoutrements."

"Dearest madam," interrupted Alice, "what mean you? surely you will not send me from you, when my presence might inspire you with fortitude. I have often acted as a weak, silly girl, though I now feel the affinity I bear to the descendant of a noble race—but I talk in an unbecoming manner to your Ladyship,—forgive me, if I have erred."

"You need no pardon from me, Alice," replied the Countess, as she folded the maiden in her arms; "I know what thou wouldest say—that to the hour of death you would defend me,—and I believe you.—Alas! my child, the tide of adversity now approaches; I can save you from its overwhelming violence; for me, the struggle will not be long. But thou must not tarry,

or escape may be impossible. "I would have thee," she continued in a rapid accent, "seek the residence of the Lady Darcie; she was the friend of my youth, and her protection will be readily given to you. The mansion can easily be reached before nightfall. Now, farewell."

Once more the lady pressed her niece, whose tears prevented her utterance, to her bosom, and fervently blessing her, led her to the portal where the guards stood in waiting. Not trusting herself to pause an instant, Alice sprang lightly on her palfrey, and rode fleetly into the depths of the forest.

Silence now reigned within the castle; the heavy footsteps of the centinels, whose mailed heels reverberated through the galleries and halls, alone broke the stillness of the mansion; the vassals stood gazing on each other in dread suspense, lest they should be implicated in the ruin of their mistress. To them the words of Lorla Frazer appeared wild, yet true; and they believed a part, if not the whole, of her prophecy was about to be fulfilled.

At last, the sound of the warder's horn was heard at the summit of the watch-tower, and caused those who had before quailed at their own thoughts, to grasp their arms firmly, and press closer to her who sat at the end of the hall, and who owned their long-tried fidelity.

The Countess of Salisbury occupied the ancient throne, or chair of state, which stood beneath a gorgeous canopy of velvet and gold, and was illumined by the bright sun-beams, which fell through a richly-stained window, and added brighter hues to the gay dresses of the pages and tire-women, who stood around it.

It was the pleasure of the Lady of Condray to live in the highest style of magnificence; her retinue was, therefore, large, and her vassals numerous; while pages, and other retainers, crowded in each sumptuous apartment. The hall was now thronged with these attendants; and as the guards, who had desired admittance in the King's name, strode through the portals, they involuntarily lingered to gaze on the scene before them. At their entrance, the Countess arose from her seat, and stood proudly waiting their approach; an immense banner, emblazoned with the armorial bearings of the houses of Salisbury and Plantagenet, was suspended above the canopy; the

crimson draperies gave a faint tinge to the cheek of the lady, who still retained traces of early beauty.

The soldiers still paused, and Lady Salisbury, in a firm tone, desired to know the purport of their visit; this speech seemed to awaken the leader, who, starting forward, shewed a warrant for the apprehension of the Countess of Salisbury, on charges of high treason, and sundry other misdemeanours.

Carelessly the lady perused the paper, and returned it, saying, "The journey to the metropolis is long; we are aged, and require rest; at noon we will accompany you;" and she was about to quit the hall for her private apartments, but the officer of the guard interposed, exclaiming "You are my prisoner, lady, therefore cannot leave me."

At this speech many a bright eye flashed, and a low whisper ran through the assembled vassals, who were all indignant at the insult offered to their mistress; the officer cast a hurried glance at his own men, who were insufficient to combat half the assembly. This the Countess observed, and said, "Be not alarmed, friend; though, at one word of mine, thou shouldest be scattered as chaff upon the wind, yet will I protect you. Learn," she continued to her retainers, with a scornful smile, "to revere the brave and courteous servants of your sovereign." Then, ordering refreshments for the guards, she threw herself on the throne to rest until the hour of noon.

Slowly echoing around the towers, the deep-toned clock struck twelve, as the guards, with their prisoner, passed through the portals and across the draw-bridge of Condray. The Countess had desired the attendance of a chosen body of her own vassals to the outskirts of the metropolis; but this was denied her; and she who had before been waited on by crowds of devoted servants, was now constrained to travel in the company of riotous and insolent soldiers, who, with rude taunts and jeers, increased the misery of their friendless captive. It was, therefore, with feelings almost of contentment that Lady Salisbury arrived, after a tedious journey, at the Tower of London; where, in a cell near the Traitor's Gate, and on a level with the river, she was confined until the King's farther wishes should be known.

(To be concluded in our next.)

PREJUDICE AND PRINCIPLE:

A Tale.

(Continued from page 130.)

He wears a face so stern, it seems no trait
Of gentler feeling in his breast could dwell.
Yet in that rugged heart there is a mine,
Rich with the noblest virtues of the soul.
Though wild his nurture, in that fierce, dark eye
There lurks no treachery; it only speaks
Of fearless courage, constancy of mind:
A frame inured to hardship, braced to dare
And combat with the ills which haunt his kind.

THE gang was assembled round a blazing fire, at which an old woman, who seemed the female patriarch of the horde, was busily preparing supper. Several tall, athletic, harsh-featured men were stretched on the ground before it, drinking, smoking, and singing; while a number of little black-headed, ragged, sun-burnt urchins, were rolling on the grass, at a short distance, among an odd assortment of ponies, horses, and donkies, which, for better security, were fastened, by ropes, to the broken stumps, which abounded on either side of the glen; and these Francis thought the most civilized animals in the group. The younger part of the female train, with their wild, glancing eyes, and black locks, were variously employed—mending old saddles, cementing broken china, and conversing in a strange, unintelligible jargon, among themselves.

Gipsies were a race of people for whom Francis had always entertained a decided aversion. He considered them a set of thieving, malicious vagabonds; who ought to be banished from the country as a public nuisance.

As he stood surveying the rude scene before him, his old antipathy to this wandering race was strengthened by the harsh physiognomy of a youth of his own age, who stood in the midst of the circle, leaning on a hedge-stake, (which Francis doubted not, he had stolen from a neighbouring fence,) and listening with great apparent interest to what was going forward among the group of young females—quite unconscious of the mute caresses of a noble, black Newfoundland dog, who, from time to time, touched him with one of his shaggy paws, to draw from him some act of reciprocal kindness.

The stern, high features of the youth produced a very un-

pleasant sensation in young Stanhope's breast; yet he could not withdraw his eyes from his face.

"There is a countenance," thought he, "capable of committing the most daring and cruel actions. What a keen eye! 'what a fierce, energetic expression!' he might sit for the picture of his savage race." While thus employed in scanning the features of the young Egyptian, the report of a gun echoed among the plantations. The men started on their feet, as the shot whistled through the dry sere furze; and the next moment a beautiful little spaniel limped through the enclosure, in a piteous manner. He was instantly caught up by the young gipsy, whose harsh lineaments relaxed into an expression of genuine compassion, as, seating himself on the ground, and taking the wounded animal between his knees, he proceeded, with great tenderness, to examine its hurts.

"Thou art a pretty toy," he said, in a compassionate voice; "but I much fear the game-keeper has given thee thy death-wound."—"I should be ashamed, Ishmael, to make such a foolish lamentation over a dog," grumbled forth one of the older men—"knock him at head, and put him out of his misery at once; we shall find a use for his skin, I warrant you."

"I would not do it for a handful of silver," returned the youth, "while I see any chance of saving his life.—His wound, I perceive, is not mortal. I thought so at first; but the shot is only lodged just beyond the skin, and with a sharp knife may easily be extracted.—And this broken leg, with a good bandage, will soon be well again."

"We have too many dogs, already," said one of the women. "They consume more food than a man; and rob the children of bread. But Ishmael can always see more in a dog than a human —."

"Have I not had reason?" cried the youth, fiercely. "Did I not owe my life to a dog, when my fellow-creatures left me to perish in the deep sea?"

"We do not blame you for taking care of Moor," returned the woman; "but why should you wish to preserve this dog, who is as good as dead already?"

"In remembrance of the debt of gratitude I owe his species," said Ishmael, laying his own jetty locks, as he spoke, in a coaxing manner on the shaggy black head of his favourite: "Yes, my faithful Moor, I will never forget the service you rendered me."

The admiration which the noble conduct of the youth excited

in young Stanhope's bosom, overcame his old prejudices; and he regarded the wounded spaniel with more attention, and with no small concern discovered it to belong to Anne Irvin. Following the impulse of his feelings, he sprung down the glen, and, the next moment, made one in the strange group.

"Generous young man," he said, addressing Ishmael, "your humane conduct to this poor little animal does you great credit; I know the spaniel, he belongs to a young lady in the town, and if you succeed in curing him, I will handsomely reward you.—In the mean time, if you follow me home, I will give you some suits of cast clothes, which may be serviceable to you."

The joy which danced in the dark eyes of Ishmael, and lightened over his rude features, as he glanced round him with a look of triumphant virtue, spoke the genuine feelings of his heart. He begged the gentleman to wait a few minutes till he had finished dressing the spaniel's wounds, and he would then follow him with pleasure. With this request Francis willingly complied, as he was very desirous to learn the circumstance which had produced in the breast of the young savage, such strong feelings of gratitude; and he seated himself on a log of wood which lay near the fire.

He was soon surrounded by the young women, who all separately asked to tell his fortune; each promising the most happy destiny, should he comply.—When their offers were civilly rejected, they retired to a short distance, just far enough for their discourse to reach his ears, talking over his future lot in a low, mysterious voice among themselves; till one of the dark sisterhood, more sagacious than the rest, said, in an arch tone, "The gentleman will see the fair young lady the little dog belongs to, before the night is over."

True to human nature, Francis started, and turned round. The girl, perceiving her advantage, went on—

"Oh, she is such a pretty young lady—she don't live far from here;—just a nice walk for a gentleman over the fields.—Cross my hand with silver, and I will tell you the first letter of her name, and if she is to be your wife."

Ashamed of having been betrayed into such weakness, Francis told the young sibyl to desist, as he had no faith in her pretended skill. He now remembered that Anne Irvin had returned home this way; and he doubted not the girl had soon discovered she was the young lady to whom the dog belonged; and that the interest he took in the cure of the animal might be

occasioned by the admiration he felt for her; and as these pretended magicians judge greatly by the force of contrast, she had concluded that he, with his dark eyes and clear olive complexion, would, most probably, prefer a lady with a fair skin.

Ishmael had now finished his surgical operations, and put the animal in a place of security; when Francis, wishing the gipsies quietly good night, proceeded across the common, followed by his new companion, and his dog, Moor. They had not gone far before Francis urged the youth to inform him what had first given rise to his singular humanity towards the canine species.—With some reluctance, Ishmael complied with his request.

“Our wandering mode of life, sir, is well known,” he said, “and that we are forced to depend upon our own sagacity to supply the common wants of nature; and the way in which they are often procured is not the most lawful, but necessity knows no law; and the gipsy tribes may truly be called the children of necessity. We follow the dictates of nature; and, in some way or other, she generally provides for our wants. In the following relation I must unavoidably discover some of our underhand means of procuring food; but you, sir, who could be touched by a generous action in another, cannot be devoid of the same feeling yourself.”

Francis understood his dark companion's indirect appeal, and passed his word of honour, that whatever he revealed would be considered sacred by him. Satisfied by this promise, Ishmael continued—

“It is a custom with us to pitch our tents in shady lanes, by the side of a wood, or near some common. The first supplies us with plenty of firing and game; and the second with food for our cattle; and an abundance of wild rabbits, and sometimes, but rarely, a good fat goose.”

“I may infer from your words,” said Francis, interrupting him, “that you are daring poachers?”

“I answer no questions,” returned Ishmael drily; “I shall tell you plain facts, and you may draw from them what inferences you please.”—After a pause of a few minutes he continued—

“The job of snaring the game is generally left to the younger males in the tribe, while the men are traversing the country on more important business—and this office one night devolved (as it often did) on me.—It was at this time of the year, and a bright moonlight night, when I took my gun, and went down into the plantations—On reaching the spot, I had the mortification of

perceiving, instead of a hare or a rabbit, a large black dog in the trap.—Enraged at losing my supper, (for we were never allowed to eat till we have gained our food) I levelled my gun at the poor animal, determined to shoot him. The aim was certain, but the gun missed fire. The dog looked at me in the most piteous manner, watching all my movements as if perfectly aware of my intention. I raised the gun again. He ceased whining, and laid down on his belly, stretching out his fore paws towards me in the most beseeching manner, as if imploring my mercy and protection.—Something in my heart pleaded for him, I dropped the gun. It was a feeling I had never experienced before. I could not shoot him—but immediately released him from the trap; when, as he was not wounded, he followed me home to the camp, testifying his gratitude in joyous bounds and caresses. From that hour he has been my constant companion. The children call him Black-a-Moor, from his jetty colour; but I shorten it into Moor.

“Last year, I was tired of our wandering mode of life: I wished for a change. My parents were both dead, and I said I would go forth into the world, and observe the manners and customs of men who resided in towns, and who had a regular method of gaining a livelihood. To make observations on all we see and hear, and to turn it to the most advantage, is one of the favourite maxims of our race, and most of us are pretty shrewd observers.—I had always had a fancy for a sea life, and begging my way to S—, I joined myself to a band of smugglers. The sagacity of Moor pleased them, and he always accompanied us in all our expeditions.

“I made many voyages with them, and we generally had good luck.—Whilst with the smugglers, I had an opportunity of observing the manners and dispositions of the men whom we met, of an evening, at the public-houses, which were our constant resort. I found the life I had abandoned was virtuous when compared with my present employment, and that, pursued by many people who had enjoyed the benefit of a good education, and called themselves Christians.

“The last voyage we made we were pursued by a revenue-cutter. Our men stood to their arms, and in the scuffle our boat was sunk. I knew by the shiver that run through her, what was about to happen; and, being a good swimmer, saved my life by throwing myself overboard. The next moment all was over with the smugglers. A few bubbles, on the surface of the water, alone declared their fate.

"I had swam to some distance, but, finding it impossible to reach the shore in a stiff sea, and with the tide against me, I tried to gain the cutter.—I was near enough to make myself heard. I implored for a rope to be thrown to me, or for them to put off a boat to save my life; but they were deaf to my cries, thinking it as well for me, I suppose, to end my life in the water, as on the gallows.

"My head grew giddy; I heard a confused roaring in my ears; the waves beat over me. I remembered nothing more.

"When I recovered sensation, I found myself stretched on the beach, beyond the reach of the billows, and my faithful Moor lying beside me, licking my hands and face. He had followed me from the vessel into the water, and, when I flagged, he had contrived to tow me along, and bring me in safety to the shore. This is the debt of gratitude I owe my dog; and, for his sake, I will ever befriend his species. I soon after joined my tribe, and have remained with them ever since."

"The obligations which you and Moor owe to each other, I think, are pretty reciprocal," said Francis, when Ishmael had finished his relation. "What say you, Ishmael?—Will you leave your wandering mode of life, and become my servant? I will make you a kind master."

"I doubt it not, sir," returned the gipsy. "But I am now perfectly contented with my present mode of life. A rude, ignorant fellow, like me, would cut but a sorry figure among smart chamber-maids and gaudy lackeys. You are rich, sir, and must need a more suitable attendant than a poor gipsy could make; and I have been so long used to enjoy my liberty, that I could never endure restraint, or settle in one place of abode."

Francis, who felt, every moment, a greater interest in the young man, redoubled his arguments to induce him to enter into his service; but, finding the gipsy inflexible, he proceeded to question him as to the religion, laws, and customs, of his tribe, but could obtain only one uniform reply—

"Sir, I betray no secrets. I have informed you the circumstance you desired to know, which must suffice you.—Rude and ignorant as we may appear, our tribes are capable of love, friendship, and hospitality."

Francis had now reached home, and ordered his servant to give the young man the things he had promised him; he added a few pieces of silver, and then left the grateful Ishmael, to prepare for his appointment with Johnstone.

S. S.

(To be continued.)

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

POPULAR LECTURES ON NATURAL HISTORY, AND THE HUMAN FACULTIES, &c. By William Lempriere, M. D. author of "A Tour to Morocco, &c." Wightman and Cramp. London.

We learn, by the preface, that these elegant Lectures on those comprehensive subjects, were delivered by Dr. Lempriere, before a society of both sexes, established at Newport, in the Isle of Wight, on something the plan of the Royal Institution in London. The Lectures are six, comprised in one octavo volume; and the heads they treat of, are,—On the study of Natural History, and the Sciences. On Astronomy, Meteorology, Chemistry, Mineralogy, Geology, Botany, Zoology.—On Animal and Vegetable Poisons.—On the Human Faculties, Mental and Corporeal. Thus the whole of creation is brought, by a kind of camera-obscura, in a train of successful pictures, before the eye of the reader. From the ease and perspicuity of the style, we recommend the volume, most particularly, to our fair readers; feeling assured, from the suffrages of one or two of the most accomplished amongst our acquaintance, who have already read these Lectures, that they are well calculated to introduce the subject matter, as a species of intellectual amusement,—which, when the blossom of the flower passes away from the pleasure-ground, will leave a precious fruit behind. We subjoin a few lines of extract, merely to shew to the readers the declared aim of the work.

"Our experience has taught us, that the world, as at present created, was not intended to give to man a negative place in its concerns; not, as in other parts of animated nature, simply to supply his wants as the necessities of the moment suggested; but that he should, progressively, and, by dint of his own labour and ingenuity, discover the means, not only of obtaining subsistence, but also of occupying his mind in those various directions that were to give character to his species; and by enlarging its powers, and increasing its knowledge, prepare him for the higher destinies which await him."

It is the privilege for the female sex of these enlightened times to know, by reason and religion, that the term *man* includes *woman*; and that whatever was only attainable by him, formerly, is now deemed her equal right; and, therefore, that in every respect, "She is a help-meet for him," and a joint heir of his happiness, intellectual and immortal.

STORIES FROM THE HISTORY OF SCOTLAND. By the Rev. A. STEWART. Edinburgh. 1827.

This little volume we have read with great pleasure; and heartily recommend it as a valuable addition to the juvenile library. We have often

been surprised that the ample page of History has been so little resorted to, to furnish materials for books and stories designed for youth. When we contemplate the silly nonsense which too frequently abounds in youthful publications, and the improbable fictions of which they are composed, we do not wonder at that depravity of taste which marks the first openings of the infant mind. Many conceive that words, not ideas, are, alone, the object of infantine comprehension; a position from which we differ *toto cælo*. We believe the intellects of children gradually open and expand from the earliest dawn of the perceptive faculties, and that the process of reasoning, however indistinctly and faintly, is, nevertheless, progressing slowly to its maturity. If this be true, it is a matter of essential moment that the objects which are presented to the mind, in its tenderest state, should be not only unexceptionable, but positively improving; not only imitable, but worthy of imitation. The earliest impressions are the most lasting; let them, therefore, be such as the maturer mind shall dwell on, not only without regret or disgust, but with positive satisfaction. We know of no work more in conformity with our opinion, than that before us; and we, therefore, cannot but wish it a success that may encourage the author to similar labours.

DR. PRIESTLY'S ENGLISH GRAMMAR. Improved. London.
1827.

THE CHILD'S FRENCH FRIEND; being Grammar, Exercises, and Vocabulary, for the use of Children. By M. A. Allison. London.
1827.

A wise man, who was himself a voluminous writer, once said, that "of the making of Books there is no end." If this were true of the days of Solomon, it must surely be more than applicable to the present period, when the "*cacoethes scribendi*" of authors meets such excitement in the productive powers of the Press. New books are now more easily manufactured than new dresses; and he who wields a rod, in token of despotic power over a group of parish urchins, is, or conceives himself to be, thereby elevated to the dignity of a professor, and to the authority of an oracle. The first step, in his view, to "magnify his office," is to become an author, and to increase the already superabundant stock of worse than useless books. We are no enemies to the diffusion of knowledge; on the contrary, we are very decided advocates for the liberty and the labours of the press; but we cannot believe that literature and science are best promoted by an unlimited variety of books. Many are faulty, some defective, others unintelligible, and most superfluous; hence, if these various classes be abstracted from the total mass, those of real merit and utility will be found, comparatively, small indeed. It is not the variety but the character, of our elementary books, which the judicious preceptor will chiefly regard; indeed, so far from considering the multiplication of

separate and individual works as a good, we are, after twenty years devoted to the education of youth, disposed to regard it as no small evil. Every succeeding work professes some new plan; some improvement on its predecessor, as its claim to public attention: but this diversity itself is an evil. Simplicity of arrangement, not critical ingenuity, is the best feature in elementary works; philosophical disquisitions being very ill-suited to works principally designed for youth. The philosophy of grammar is, indeed, a study well adapted to elder pupils, whose minds and comprehension are matured; but young persons only become entangled and perplexed by niceties and distinctions, the nature and importance of which they cannot comprehend. We have ever admired the unpretending simplicity of Murray's abridgment of his English grammar; which has, in our view, more than atoned for its few imperfections, and we should greatly regret its general disuse; as we know of no work, on the same subject, which could worthily supply its place.

Of the two little works before us, we must observe, that though each is professedly designed to simplify the elements of the languages on which they respectively treat, yet we consider their measure of success as very different. Dr. Priestly's grammar never met with much acceptance from the public, as an elementary work; nor do we conceive that the *improvement* before us is likely to be more successful. As a school-book, it never can be popular; though there is much in it which the more advanced student may find worthy of his attention.

Of "The Child's French Friend," we are enabled to speak more favourably, as a *practical* book. It is very simple, and does not exceed the comprehension of very young children; it omits all those niceties, in which perhaps the genius and peculiarity, and we may add, difficulty, of the French language consists; and only professes to teach what is really within the grasp of the limited faculties of a child. This design is very satisfactorily executed: and we cannot, with all our severity of criticism, deem this an useless, or unimportant addition to the juvenile library.

LETTERS ON EARLY EDUCATION. By Pestalozzi. 1827.

Of the various systems of education, to which the love of novelty has, of late, so frequently given birth, we have ever offered an uniform opposition. We know of no short cuts, no by-paths, no royal road to learning. Their systems and their authors, generally prove "like the baseless fabric of a vision, and leave not a wreck behind." He who would leave a system behind him, for which he expects the patronage of posterity, must become an enthusiast in his own cause; and sow, in his own labours, the seed of its immortality. Nor will even this always prove successful. When the zeal which has operated as the main-spring of the system, becomes paralyzed by misfortune or imbecility; or, totally destroyed by death, how

shall the dying embers by resuscitated, and the hallowed flame be kept from total extinguishment? If, in reply to these enquiries, we be referred for their solution to the National and British Systems, we must express our opinion, that to other circumstances, rather than to their intrinsic merit, or the zeal of their inventors, are to be attributed their patronage and success. We decline entering further into this subject, as it would involve us in discussions but little suited to the nature of our work. Returning, therefore, to the work before us, we acknowledge that Pestalozzi was the enthusiast fitted for the laborious task he had undertaken, the moralization and improvement of those whose childhood was neglected, and who were exposed to all the temptations of life, unprotected by principle, and unassisted by habits of industry. Whoever contemplates the various difficulties, the pungent disappointments, the daily mortifications, the blasted hopes, and the frustrated designs, which, in all the force of their accumulated bitterness, must, perpetually, depress and bow down the mind and the spirits of him who goes forth in such a labour of love, with even all the energising influence of incessant activity, enduring patience, and persevering industry, will, assuredly, be alone capable of appreciating that utter forgetfulness of self, that unqualified sacrifice of individual interest and comfort, which could sustain his spirit even in old age.

It has ever been our objection to many of the modern systems, that they too exclusively refer to the cultivation of the mental faculties, and leave the heart and the affections unaffected and unimproved. Here, we acknowledge, is, in our view, the excellency of Pestalozzi's System; it commences its influence in the tenderest years of childhood; it awakens the best sympathies of the human heart, as its advocates and allies; it enlists, as its most powerful auxiliaries, the mental affections; and gives to the claims of nature the added ones of obligation and gratitude. Our limits do not allow us, even to glance at all the peculiarities of this system; nor do we feel justified in conceding to all its parts, our approbation; but, so far as it is calculated to awaken the dormant powers, and slumbering feelings of our nature; to impress on the heart a sense of moral duty; and to give life and energy to the highest truth; so far we are bound to express our opinion of its merits; and to give to it the influence of our recommendation. With its amiable inventor, however, we fear its spirit is departed; and that, in other hands, the system will degenerate into the mere *opus opera tum*.

New Music.—On the 1st of October will be published, a new song, entitled, "I Roam where the Moon-beams are Streaming." The words written by J. A. St. John, esq.: composed, and inscribed to Miss Agatha Rivaz, by W. H. Plumstead. Goulding, D'A'maine & Co. London.



Fashionable Ball & Walking Dresses for Oct. 1877

Invented by Miss Pierpoint Edward, Fleet Portman Square.

Pub Oct. 11 1877, by Dean & Munday, Threadneedle Street.

THE
MIRROR OF FASHION,

FOR OCTOBER, 1827.

WALKING-DRESS.

A DRESS of celestial blue sarsnet: the skirt is finished at the border with a rich and elegant embroidery of floize silk; the body is *en gerbe*, with long sleeves and mancherons of the same colour and material as the dress. Ruff of the finest quilling.

The hat is of straw-coloured silk, ornamented with gauze ribands, and light sprigs of flowers: the brim is trimmed inside with a fulling of the finest vandyked blond.—Gold bracelets and buckle. Limerick gloves, and black kid shoes.

BALL-DRESS.

A SKIRT of blond lace worn over a white satin slip, trimmed at the border with bouquets of flowers of satin and chenille: beneath is a deep flounce of richly-figured blond; the upper part is finished by a fancy trimming of satin and blond edging. The body is made very slightly *en gerbe*; with a falling cape of blond, meeting at the shoulders, and trimmed with two rows of strawberry-leaf blond:—full satin sleeves, with long ones *en gigôt*, of blond, confined at the wrists with broad gold bracelets.—White kid gloves, and shoes.

HEAD-DRESS.

THE front hair is dressed exceedingly high, and divided in the centre in moderate size curls: the braid is tastefully displayed in large bows intermixed with beautiful French flowers, composed of ranunculus and aloes: a large tortoiseshell-comb finishes this elegant head-dress.

These elegant dresses are invented by MISS PIERPOINT, Edward-street, Portman-square; and we are indebted for the elegant head-dress, to MR. COLLEY, Bishopsgate-within.

GENERAL MONTHLY STATEMENT OF FASHION.

THE most admired autumnal pelisse is composed of levantine, or gros de Naples: it is of a beautiful sage-leaf green, or light fawn colour.—It is trimmed down each side, in front of the skirt, and round the border, with a full *râche*, pinked, of the same material as the dress. For the sea-side, dresses of canary-yellow gros de Naples, with narrow stripes, are the favourite costume: the corsage is made full, and rather high: the skirt has two deep flounces, of the same material; the lower set on straight, and very full; the upper in four festoons at the sides and back: the flounces are each headed by a flat band of canary-yellow gros de Naples, edged with orange-coloured satin rouleaux. With this beautiful dress is worn, a pelerine of the same material, drawn behind, slashed on the shoulders, and extending below the girdle in front, by which it is confined: it is ornamented by a band edged on each side with orange-coloured satin, corresponding with the girdle: the sleeves *à la Marie*, of plain jaconot muslin, fastened at the wrist, with black velvet bracelets: a circular embroidery collarette, tied with canary-coloured riband, and a hat of British Leghorn, decorated with large feather-flowers, puffs of lilac crêpe lisse, and twisted rouleau, completes the dress.—For the carriage, a dress of willow-green gros de Naples is the most distinguished: it is trimmed with four broad tucks, or bias folds, round the border, and carried up almost the whole length of the skirt: the body is made quite plain, and an elegant fichu is worn over it, composed of fine India muslin, with a standing-up collar; finished by a full frill-trimming of very fine lace. A Leghorn hat, ornamented with corn-poppies, green-wheat, and maize, completes this elegant carriage costume.

A very beautiful hat of canary-yellow watered silk is in great request for the promenade: it is trimmed all round the crown with *languettes*, between every pair of which, are two or three blue double hyacinths. Leghorn bonnets, bound at the edge, and trimmed with very broad ribands of striking colours, either striped or chequered, are also very generally worn. The close capote-bonnet of rose-coloured gros de Naples, trimmed with a very full *râche* at the edge of the brim, is much in favour with young ladies for morning drives in the country. Hats of white crape, or chip, ornamented with marabouts, and trimmed with

bows and long puffs of Tartan riband ; yellow, on a white ground, are in great estimation ; as are those of gauze ribands, embroidered, and edged with chip. Some chip hats, for the carriage, have no other riband than those which form the strings, while a long veil of white gauze is thrown back over the crown.

For morning dresses, printed muslins are very generally worn. The favourite colour is the canary-yellow : they are trimmed in bias folds, or with full flounces cut in bias. The long sleeves of white jaconot muslin set off these dresses to great advantage : at the concerts and public rooms of the most distinguished watering-places, as well as at rural balls, the dresses are plain and simple : white or coloured striped gauze, with very slight trimming, is the favourite material : the waists are rather long, and are in the antique fashion, pointed before and behind ; many sashes are worn as belts, without ends, and are fastened by a gold buckle : short sleeves are usually worn in evening costume, and at musical parties. Dresses of white muslin are very prevalent in every style of *parure*.

Dress hats are the favourite head-dresses for married ladies at evening parties, in the country : those of crape or net are lined with pink, and ornamented with branches of small flowers :— Those of chip are placed on one side ; on the right, which is the elevated part, is a plume of feathers, tipped with blue or pink : a small feather is placed under the brim, over the right temple. Dress hats of white crape, bound with green, and ornamented with two bouquets of myrtle in flower ; one at the top of the crown on the right side, the other at the bottom on the left. The hair of young ladies is braided across the forehead ; the temples shaded by curls ; and on the summit of the head, loops of hair, forming a bow. A large circular dress hat of rose-coloured crape has been much admired ; it had satin rouleau binding, of the same colour, placed rather on one side, looped up in front with folded white crape, and confining some flowers that mingled with the hair, which was tastefully arranged in large curls : the crown had a garland of flowers, very numerous in front, and resting on the edge of the brim.

The most approved colours are canary-yellow, celestial blue, pink, sage-leaf green, lilac, and fawn colour.

THE PARISIAN TOILET.

Paris, September 22nd, 1827.

An eminent *Marchande de Modes* has, this week, forwarded to the Court of Russia sixty splendid dresses of merino, palmyrian, and cachemire. Those of merino and palmyrian were elegantly embroidered with smooth shaded silk; and those of cachemire were richly embroidered with gold and silver. It appears that these kinds of embroidery will be much in vogue this winter: we have seen one of these dresses, intended for the Duchess of B***; it was of blue cachemire, and was trimmed with five rows of small garlands of leaves; on one side of these garlands, all the leaves were of gold; the other was of silver, unwrought. The number of plaid stuffs, with large squares, which we perceive, daily, in all the milliners' shops of Paris, would lead us to believe, that the different kinds of Scotch plaid will again be worn this winter.

The palmyrian is still much in favour for full dress. The most elegant are embroidered with smooth silk. We have seen one of these dresses, of rose-colour, trimmed with two bias ornaments, the upper one figured, with large points; between each point was an embroidered bouquet of smooth silk, of the same shade as the dress. On each side of the bouquets was a branch, joining the button which fastened the bias points. The Silesian, a charming stuff, newly invented, is also much worn by ladies of the first circles. Of this material are made blue and rose-coloured dresses, trimmed with flounces, embroidered with blue and black smooth silk, or rose-colour and black. All the trimmings to these dresses are black, and produce a very graceful effect. Among the toilets which are most distinguished at the exhibition of the Louvre, this year, may be cited a dress of *côte pali*, of a steel-grey colour, trimmed with two flounces of the same material, bordered with a small fringe, forming arbour-work, and finished by small knots, similar to those we see on the fringes of curtains. The girdle, which was of *côte pali*, with very long ends, and fastened behind, was also surrounded with one of those fringes which are still seen on the border of jockeys. A cane-zou of embroidered tulle, and a Leghorn hat, ornamented with an immense white plume, completed this beautiful toilet.

Hats of blue gros de Naples are much worn at the Tuilleries. The most elegant are ornamented with ribands of white gauze; the loops, knots, and head-dress under the hat, are also of white gauze riband, thereby softening, still more, the shade of the hat, and rendering it very becoming to the face. The front of the hat is often ornamented with large points of blue gros de Naples, cut in bias, and lined with white satin. A few *capote* bonnets, of ash-coloured gros de Naples, are seen, ornamented with blue plaid ribands: others of clear carmelite gros de Naples, ornamented with rose-coloured plaid ribands: some again are lined with colours to correspond with the ribands. We have also seen a very elegant *capote* bonnet, of parma-violet gros de Naples, lined with white satin, and trimmed with a superb white blond. This *capote*, which had only a few satin knots for ornament, was worn with a pelisse of white muslin, having for a girdle a large riband of parma-violet, fastened in front, with three long ends.

One of the prettiest materials for evening-dresses, is a tissue called palmyrien. The embroidery in silk, with which it is embellished, appears on it to great advantage. It is between a poplin and a barège, and is of a softness which causes the plaits to fall in a very graceful manner. These dresses are trimmed with two flounces, embroidered at the edges: others, of the same material, are finished at the border by two or three broad bias folds, separated by two garlands of flowers, embroidered on the skirt. Dresses of rose-coloured *côte pali*, striped with white, with a *canezou* spencer of muslin, are much in request; as are those of grey gros de Naples, or of cameleopard yellow, ornamented with a single flounce. This flounce is in bias, and is cut in very deep scallops. All the coloured dresses have white sleeves, *à la Marie*, of fine jaconot muslin. The bands, on the narrow part of the arm, which confine the fulness, are of embroidered cambrics. Broad curtain flounces, and bias folds, caught up in festoons, are the favourite trimmings on the border of dresses. Printed linen of all kinds, cambrics, chintzes, and muslins, are in great favour. The favourite ground is bird-of-paradise yellow, with black figures.

THE
APOLLONIAN WREATH.

THE LAMENT OF LOVE.

IN all the guise that beauty wears,
Known by many a fabled token,
Last night, I saw young Love in tears,
With stringless bow, and arrows broken;
And waving light in wanton flow,
Fair, sunny locks his brows adorn;
And on his cheeks the roseate glow,
With which Aurora decks the morn.

The living light in those blind eyes,
No mortal pen could e'er disclose;
Their hue was stol'n from brighter skies;—
Their tears were dew-drops on the rose:—
His laughing dimples were at rest,
And grief had tamed each roguish wile;
Still his fond mother's kiss impressed,
On his rosy lips, her smile.

Round his limbs of heavenly mould,
A rainbow-tinted vest was flung,
Revealing through each lucid fold,
The matchless form by poets sung.
He sighed—the air with fragrance breathed;
He moved—the earth confessed the God;—
Her brightest chaplets Nature wreathed,
Where'er his feet had pressed the sod.

I gazed on Love's enchanting boy,
And felt my conscious bosom glow;
"Beauteous prince! of hope and joy,
Why art thou so plunged in woe?
Wherefore weep'st thou here alone,
While men have hearts—and women charms?
Worshipped child of ages gone,
Resting thy bow,—resume thy arms."

With that he raised his azure eyes,
And from his lip soft music broke;
But gushing tears would slowly rise,
While redd'ning cheeks his wrath bespoke—
“Oh! weep with me,” he cried, “dark maid!
The gentle reign of Love is o'er;
No homage to my shrine is paid,
Man has ceased to own my power.

“In vain on woman I bestow
Charms to tempt the coldest heart:
Useless, now, yon broken bow,
Gold can blunt my keenest dart.
In vain the rose blooms on her cheek,
The graces round her footsteps move,
And eyes of radiant beauty speak,
In melting hues, the light of love.

“It was not thus,” the urchin said,
When gladness crowned the new-born earth,
Beneath a myrtle's balmy shade,
Before man was—Love sprang to birth.
While heaven around me fragrance shed,
With rosy chains, the year I bound,
My blushing bride, young Nature, led
A vestal o'er the enamelled ground.

“The first fond sigh my bosom stole,
Was wafted o'er those fields of air,
To wake a light in man's stern soul,
And render heaven's best work more fair.
Creation felt that tender sigh,
And Earth received love's rapturous tears;
Their brightness beam'd in woman's eye,
And music broke on human ears.

“I moved upon the rolling seas,
Or sank on Nature's lap to rest;
Or raised my light wings on the breeze,
The earth with joy the God confessed.
Mirth and gladness round me played,
Hope led on the laughing hours;
Man and beast in union strayed,
To share the lucid stream and flowers.

" When man to sin and death beguiled,
I sought the lost one's path to cheer,
And on the hopeless wanderer smiled,
And bade one blessing linger here.
But man abused my power divine,
Scorned the balm in mercy given,
While bending low at Mammon's shrine,
And left young Love to flee to heaven.

" Then fare thee well! dark maid,—I go
To the clime which gave me birth,
Where ten thousand blessings flow,
Hidden from the sons of earth."
A glory round his figure spread,
It rose upon the moon's pale beam;
With that fair vision slumber fled,
I woke,—and found it but a dream!

S. S.

STANZAS.

TO ———.

DEAREST! the world shall woo in vain,
To tempt me from thy arms;
I would not give that bosom pain,
For all that world's unhallowed gain,
Or wild ambition's charms.

None but thy beauties please this eye,
However fair they seem;
Thy presence bids the moments fly,
But, dear one, when thou art not nigh,
Oh! life's a dull, cold dream!

Thine eye could brighten sorrow's gloom,
So soft its ray of light;
Thy cheek has all the rose's bloom,
Thy breath has all its sweet perfume,
Thy beauties all are bright.

J. M. LACEY.

STANZAS.

BY WILLIAM LEMAN REDE.

I ROAM'D by the river's side,
And the streams were bright
In the golden light,
And roll'd as if in pride:
For every wave danced merily—
"River," I cried, "God smiles on thee."
I mark'd the flow'rs in that retreat,
To the air that blew
Their petals through,
They gave a breath, more dear, more sweet,
As if in gratitude 'twas given
An incense from the flow'rs to heaven.
I saw the birds that flew on high,
Each rapid wing
Seem'd in joy to spring,
As they waved towards the sky:
And naught came their wanton course to stem,
As if the Heavens were made for them.
I heard a strain of music's touch—
To my heart it spoke;
And sweetly woke
Thoughts, awaken'd there too much:
But sweeter sounds went o'er the wave,
As its cadence to Heaven echo gave.
And my heart grew sad as I gazed and heard,
All sent above
Their vows of love,
But I—breath'd not a word:
And I marvell'd much man should repine,
While basking in his God's sunshine.
Shall flow'rs, the air, the wave, the lute,
Their thankfulness
Alone express,
And man, for his gifts, be mute?
Why mourn I then my fated lot?
Sun shines not for him, who loves it not.

TO AN INFANT.

MY newly-born, why do I weep,
 That, cradled in the earth, thou'rt sleeping—
 And I alone am left to keep
 My watch in this cold vale of weeping?
 The little bird, when fledg'd, must fly,
 To seek the nourishment it needeth,
 Must often brave a wintry sky,
 Must die perchance where no one heedeth.
 And thou had one day left the breast,
 That hushed thee with its throbs to slumber;
 Perchance to seek a scene unblest,
 To shed wild tears too fast to number:
 At least 'twas never thine to know
 The various pangs that nature feeleth;
 Untouched by time, unworn by woe,
 Thy spirit to its author stealeth.
 Just like the bud that never bloom'd,
 But died with all its sweets ungiven,
 Thou, in thy innocence entombed,
 Art flown to breathe it all in heaven.
 Oh! happy to be stilly laid,
 A stranger e'en to life's best blisses;
 And only to have known, my babe,
 Thy mother's smiles, thy mother's kisses.

M. L. G.

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The continuation of Julia Lynam, by M. L. D. is received.

The Poem of "Love's Chosen Few," is left for the Author at the Publishers. It is too juvenile for our pages.

Poems by Eliza, are received, and will be inserted.

The Letter from Bridport-hall, and its enclosure, are received; and intended for early insertion. The Review alluded to has not come to hand.

The Chance Child, acknowledged in our last, will be inserted.

Female Affection, is under consideration.

Various Poetry, by S. S. is received, and will find early insertion. Her letter to the Editor is acknowledged with that pleasure and feeling which the writer's pen is so well able to excite.

Letters have been forwarded to Rosella, N. N. and S. S. during the past month.

We do not recollect the subject of X's enquiry.

We are conscious of apparent neglect of our old correspondents H. H. and Constance: but, though not yet inserted, their favours are not forgotten.



On the sweetest of notes, On the sweetest of notes



On the sweetest of notes, On the sweetest of notes





James Montgomery, Esq.

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